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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

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MAGAZINE OF ART

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L. B. HOUFF, JR., Business Manager · HARRY ROBERTS, JR., Art Director
E. M. BENSON, DUNCAN PHILLIPS, FORBES WATSON, Associate Editors

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VOLUME 31 NUMBER 2

FEBRUARY, 1938

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Probably Eighteenth Century. In a Private Collection

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Reproduced through the Courtesy of the Walker Galleries

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PREVIOUS ISSUES LISTED IN "ART INDEX" AND "THE READER'S GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE"

IN THIS ISSUE

Lin Yutang, whose article this month tells as concretely as words can what revitalizing qualities the artists of the West can find in Chinese art, is having great success with his new book *The Importance of Living* which last month was high up in the best-seller list for non-fiction. And we are not likely to forget *My Country and My People* either.

Once, not so long ago, a winner of the *Prix de Rome* in painting, **Harry G. Ackerman** did not allow that success to set the key for his artistic life. Instead he preferred to strike out alone and independently from the springboard of "official" recognition.

Besides his numerous articles on music and musicians **David Ewen** is the author of *Composers of Today*, *From Bach to Stravinsky*, *The Man with the Baton*, *Twentieth Century Composers*, *Composers of Yesterday*.

As a close friend of the Martin Ryersons, whose gifts to the Art Institute of Chicago have been so important, **Kate Lancaster Brewster** was privileged to see how and why the Ryersons collected. Her article begins on page 94.

When one of the smaller American museums like the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, strikes out along an original and inspired line in forming its collections it is impossible to ignore the fact. This month's *Portfolio* (p. 90) presents some of the notable sculptures recently acquired for Buffalo.

When, in our June 1934 issue, **E. M. Benson** described the need for an American school similar in aim and method to the famous Dessau Bauhaus, we hoped rather than expected to have something of the kind begun in the U.S.A. Mr. Benson's article on Chicago's undertaking appears on page 82.

Not in this issue: "Lighted Stages" by **James Reid Parker,** whose recent illness was severe enough to require a long convalescence in the South.

FORTHCOMING

DANCE FOR THEATRE

Perhaps the greatest contribution of Modern Dance to sustained group performance in the theatre has come from the studio of Hanya Holm in her production, *Trend*. Barbara Morgan's exclusive photographs, authorized by Miss Holm, will be published, with a suitable commentary, in MAGAZINE OF ART for March.

DEBATE

Eileen Holding, young British exponent of non-objective painting, who is touring the country with an exhibit of English work of this type, states the case for abstraction next month. Immediately following we shall publish Theodore Sizer's able and dynamic plea for painting as a representational art.

A LIVELY ART DEPARTMENT

The article on the new art department at the College of William and Mary (by Leslie Cheek, Jr., its head) which we previously announced, is taking definite shape for March publication. The more we see of this material, the better we like it—and so will you.

SWEDISH "PRIMITIVE"

The sculpture of Bror Hjorth, a provincial Swedish sculptor whose work is virtually unknown in America, is to be discussed and illustrated next month. The article is by Dr. Ernst Harms.

NORRIS DAM

Splendid photographs of Norris Dam, pride of the TVA, make up the *Portfolio* for March. Engineering legitimately comes in for consideration as art when it assumes basically beautiful forms and does not debase them with supposed beautification. Respect for the inherent qualities of work-a-day materials makes Norris dam fine visually as well as practically.

AND BESIDES . . .

Ernest Brace's article on John Sloan, accompanied by a fine color plate of Sloan's *Main Street, Gloucester;* and Alice Graeme's discussion of Benjamin West, apropos of the great Philadelphia exhibition.

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CAMERON BOOTH: "FRANKLIN AND CEDAR AVENUES"

Reproduced through the Courtesy of the Walker Galleries


CHILDREN
deserve your
RAIL
CROSSING
ROAD
STOP
STOP
GO

CAMERON BOOTH

BY F. A. WHITING, JR.

AN ARTIST'S paintings usually tell us where and how he lives more pointedly than the fullest biographical history. Whatever else we learn about his life merely particularizes what his pictures told us before. Accordingly, when Cameron Booth writes that he prefers Minnesota to Manhattan the information serves only as a reminder of the warm understanding of rural life and nature that we had already recognized in his pictures. Around Minneapolis, where he lives, lies country hard to surpass in color and contour.

Cameron Booth is one of the American painters who unaffectedly prefers to make pictures of farmers, barnyards, cattle, horses, pastures, fields, woods and quiet small town streets. To him the use of such material in the picture is enough; his subjects, he feels, have in themselves sufficient content—they don't have to be dramatized or sentimentalized. Booth loves to be out-of-doors; always has, since he began to draw as a child. Today the visual world holds as great a fascination for him as it ever did. The intrinsic beauty, and the beauty of association, of animate and inanimate objects lose nothing in his mature efforts to bring them into formal and plastic expression. A simple, childlike delight in the meaning of things is a blessing to any man, he says; to a painter it is even more.

"And life," he writes about Minnesota, "is a little more leisurely here, the economic struggle is less severe and there is more time for contemplation. Of course we have not so many exhibitions as the larger cities, but some good shows do get here through the efforts of the Saint Paul School of Art, the University of Minnesota Gallery and the Minneapolis Art Institute. Besides there are the one-week exhibitions at the State Fair in the summer and the small galleries—and they are not so conservative either." Booth wishes there were more shows of contemporary American art, thinks that there is an audience waiting for it. But even with this lack, which is surely temporary, he says that the number and quality of traveling shows have improved tremendously there in the past few years. As a result all artists working thereabouts, who so recently felt isolated, are finding life more enjoyable.

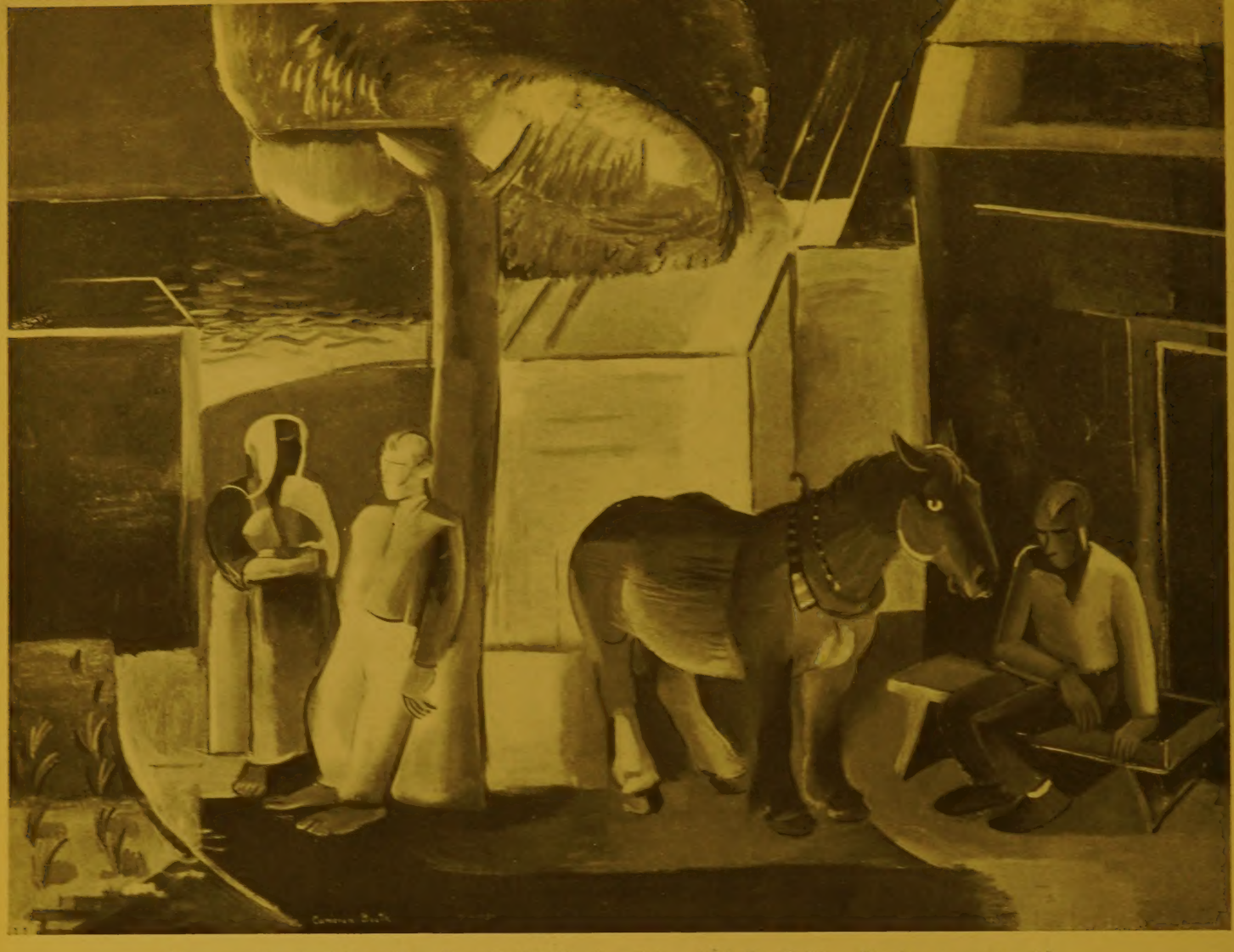
His teaching job at the Saint Paul School of Art makes travel and contact with other painters possible. Booth has made friendships which he holds very dear. Hans Hoffman (with whom he studied in Munich), Adolf Dehn (who hails from Minnesota), Charles Burchfield, Vaclav Vytacil, Carl Holty and Glenn Wessels are among the artists who have contributed "more to me perhaps than I have to them." In technical matters he declares himself beholden to the abstract painters of the day. To Booth, as to so many other Americans, Mondrian, Picasso, Gleizes, Braque, to name a few, have pointed the way to clarity in organization. The work of ancient, archaic and primitive cultures—Mesopotamian, archaic Greek, African—contributed, too. "I like their observation of nature which seems to have enlarged their form-knowledge, kept them fresh and from working only by formula, and fed them inspiration."

As the son of a Presbyterian minister he and the rest of the family lived, usually for rather brief periods, in New York State, Pennsylvania, Ontario, Ohio and Iowa as well as Minnesota, while he was growing up. Just before the World War he studied for five years at the school of the Art Institute of Chicago, from which he emerged with a traveling scholarship and a pleasant amount of ready cash. As he remembers it the future looked rosy. But it was 1917 and he was twenty-five and able-bodied—very good material for the army. So he spent two years shooting craps and soldiering.

After the armistice he was discharged in France and went to Paris where he met a few painters and tried to work. Next came a year of confusion and uncertainty while he lived and tried to paint along the coast of Massachusetts, with a winter in Provincetown. When his cash was gone he went to Chicago, then to Youngstown where he painted signs until he went to Minneapolis to teach in 1921. The next year he got married and painted for a winter on an Indian reservation. Then he returned to teach for seven years at the Minneapolis School of Art. Since 1931, however, he has been on the staff of the Saint Paul School of Art, of which he is now the Director.



CAMERON BOOTH
From a Recent Photograph



Cameron Booth: "Clam Bay Farm" (1930), the oil in which Booth himself takes greatest pride

In his pictures Cameron Booth constantly seeks to balance the factors of vision and expression. His work indicates that he has the gift of penetrating vision just as clearly as that he is an accomplished craftsman. In his gouaches (such as *Hills and Fields Near Hopkins* and *Franklin and Cedar Avenues*) done on the spot, the fresh sensuous reaction to the thing seen dominates. The craftsmanship of his oils is more complete, to his mind most fully realized in *Clam Bay Farm* and some of his studio pieces. He is well aware of the value of abstract structure as a means of intensifying the realization of his pictorial idea, but he knows that the human, psychological element is just as essential. When both are forged into one a new and deeper meaning results. And here is to be found the vitality of the picture which exists independent of the objects represented.

Booth does not forget to be true to the painter's materials. He respects the flatness of the canvas and enjoys the sensuous color and texture of paint. In animating the surface by color areas and line he firmly balances the thrusts and pulls in the illusional deep space so that no part seems to recede or obtrude from the flatness. Where drawn forms recede he holds them forward by the use of warm, obtruding color. He often suppresses the center objects by giving them less strength of color and emphasizes the forms around the edges and corners. Then, to compensate, the objects in the center must be drawn large because their modified color tends to make them shrink.

"All this," Booth says, "sounds too much like my advice to students. I must add that it is the emotion and feeling which is most important, the urge to put the impulses down on the picture with vigor, simplification, distortion—all to the intensification of the subjective feeling." It is that purpose which helps him to gauge how things are going and to criticize himself. Finding the technical way of expressing each concept "is very flexible" and makes every picture a new adventure.

Booth explains that these processes are the ones he has found best for him, though he achieves his goal, in his own eyes, with varying degrees of success. "The pictures do or do not have the feeling of being right. Their success or failure depends upon the power of the first conception and the rightness of the first start upon the canvas. Working over the same picture seems to make matters worse. The next step is a new start with a more clearly understood conception of the whole picture." And he adds that all this is, of course, not very different from what many other artists would have to say. After all, it is the painter's work that speaks most clearly. There we must look for the elusively individual quality. What one says about Cameron Booth, even what he says about himself, is comparatively ephemeral and beside the real point. But if words may lead us to use our eyes they have served their present purpose. We can return perhaps to a more substantial enjoyment of Cameron Booth's oils and gouaches now that our natural human curiosity about his life has been satisfied.



Cameron Booth: "Hopkins Hills" (1934), gouache. In the collection of Mrs. Francis Butler

Cameron Booth: "Horses" (1924), oil. Lambert Collection, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts



CONTRIBUTIONS OF EAST TO WEST IN ART*

By LIN YUTANG, *Author of "My Country and My People," "The Importance of Living," Etc.*

ALL ART is a record of the artist's reaction to reality, a graphic expression of the response of the sensitive human spirit to our life and the universe around us. Since the human spirit is very much the same and we are all so much alike under the skin, being conditioned by the same set of physiological nerves and nerve impressions, all true art is international. All art and literature that reach down to the depths, the simple fundamentals of human experience, become universal. But there are differences among the national arts in their techniques, in the materials used, and in the conceptions of line and form displayed. Differences are also found in the disparate preferences for certain types of subject matter. Chinese art, being produced by a different racial spirit, naturally has its own unique qualities.

Briefly, I think I may say that the contrasts between Chinese and western art are most noticeable in conceptions of line and composition, in the sense of picture, and in general philosophic background. These are all definite things, and may represent definite contributions of the East to the West in the field of art and in the concept of beauty. I believe that the only important Chinese contribution to the West will be here. The Chinese have a glorious art, but a contemptible science; a magnificent common sense, but an infantile logic; a fine womanish chatter about life, but no hard and fast scholastic systems. The Chinese mind is a profoundly artistic and philosophic mind, but philosophy is a matter of temperament; somehow I cannot conceive of blonde, Nordic men with high noses and protruding chins, turning into good Buddhists or Taoists. By race we are all either fundamentally active or passive; we are optimistic or pessimistic, depending on physiological factors; aggressive or pacifist by temperament and religious or irreligious by nature. Therefore I do not think that Chinese philosophy, the only other branch in which the Chinese excel, will make much headway in the western world. It is accordingly only in art that Chinese contributions to the West will probably be important.

This is a particularly proper time for discussing this topic, because as we all know, western art is passing through a crisis today, just as peace and democracy each has its crisis. This is strong in art because artists are the conscience of mankind, and when an impending change is coming in the human spirit artists are the first to feel it. Modern artists discovered the existence of curved space and showed a tendency to annihilate space and matter before scientists proved such things possible by mathematical formulas. In this period of experimental chaos, modern art is particularly susceptible to new influences. The Chinese contribution to art will not be something striking or original, but will, like Chinese contributions in philosophy, be merely a restoration of sanity and common sense, a sharpened sensitivity and a renewed sense of the beauty of the surrounding world.

Briefly, the crisis in modern art has been brought about by the following conditions. First, science is rapidly revising our conception of matter; it is bringing it very near to energy and achieving a notion of the universe which is, in the words of Sir James Jeans, "nearer to a great thought than a great machine." This is plunging us into philosophic, and therefore also artistic, confusion. Secondly, the preponderance of the scientific, analytical intellect of the modern man tends to make the artist work out his problems analytically also. This intellectual, analytical approach is fatal to the artistic spirit and to all great art. The artist is awed, cowed into submission, until he forgets the genuine artistic approach, which is made, as it must always be, direct through the senses. Furthermore, the extensive exploration of the natural universe and the invention of the candid camera make us seem to be a little too knowing about the material world, creating the illusion that we are exhausting all knowledge of the secrets and mysteries of the universe and that there may be no more secrets for the artist to reveal. Further, the candid camera intimidates the artist by competing with him in its uncanny power of revealing all subtle shades in tone and color and posture. The candid camera shakes his confidence in himself and drives him away from the portrayal of this sensual reality altogether to the representation of metaphysical or psychological abstractions distant from real life both in subject matter and in technique.

The third factor which causes this crisis in art is of course the advent of the machine, which influences and changes our tempo of life, if it changes nothing else, and makes existence far too complicated. As we all know, this is an industrial age, and from a five-and-ten-cent way of life, we are getting into a five-and-ten-cent philosophy of living. We are dominated by the machine and we are a little scared. What is the artist going to do about it?

. . .

THESE ARE the disruptive forces in modern civilization which are producing disruptive forces in modern art. The net impression I get of modern art is that it is searching for something new and hasn't found it yet, and it is here that I believe Chinese art can contribute a little to the solution of the problem by restoring the genuine artistic approach. There are three kinds of reactions to this industrial, technological age: one of acceptance and glorification of the machine, one of fleeing from the modern, sophisticated life and returning to primitive or savage art and to the art and mind of the child, and one of seeking the destruction of matter and the annihilation of space altogether. The tendency to glorification of the

*Dr. Lin's article is based on the lecture he gave at the Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia, in the series arranged by E. M. Benson.



TO ILLUSTRATE DR. LIN'S ARTICLE ARE REPRODUCED SEVERAL RUBBINGS FROM CHINESE ENGRAVED STONES OF ORCHID AND BAMBOO DESIGNS. PROBABLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. IN A PRIVATE COLLECTION, PHILADELPHIA

machine may be seen in the pictures of Duchamp and the sculpture of Brancusi; the tendency of escape may well be represented by the paintings of Henri Rousseau; and the tendency to annihilate our usual conceptions of matter and space may be represented by the Cubists and, in a sense, by the Surrealists.

All these tendencies seem unsatisfactory to me. All of them are "clever" art but cannot be great art. The glorification of the machine derives its inspiration from the engineer, with his compasses and his love of straight lines, streamlines and circles, and tends to represent the beauty of power and speed and the straight line. Unfortunately, power and speed and the straight line are among the ugliest things on earth. The escape to the primitive mind is unnatural, because we are not primitive men, and are too self-conscious and too sophisticated. We can't do it, because we are not living in a primitive forest. What are we going to do when we turn from that picture of a primitive forest to our own apartment with chromium furni-

ture? It only provokes us to suicide. Finally, the effort to portray the passage of solids and planes in space and time results in giving us certain circles, segments and bisected triangles. Modern art demands that we fall in love with these segments and bisected triangles, which we simply cannot do. Such designs can intrigue our fancy and please our minds, but can never satisfy us with emotional fullness. The Surrealists are trying very hard to be child-like, and very methodically to be spontaneous. When they succeed, they are merely clever, and when they fail, they produce a caricature of themselves.

My criticism is, therefore, that the modern artist is approaching the problem from a wrong angle. My impression is not that the artist is not intellectual enough, but that he is too intellectual. He is too clever, and being only clever, he will never be great. He reasons too much, does not feel enough. Modern art, from the Cubists to the Surrealists, seems to consist of a series of battles of intellectual formulas. An intellectual formula is but a cliché and a cliché is a squint at truth, produced by a little grain of half-truth lodged in the eyes of a man without a sane vision and philosophic balance. A fanatic form of art is like a fanatic school of philosophy. The impression you get from a Surrealist painting, for example, is not that it is spontaneous and child-like, but that it requires a lot of hard thinking. Great art, on the other hand, is always based on the senses and the emotions, and demands of the artist that he surrender himself to his high sensitivity to the life sur-



ORCHID



BAMBOO

rounding him. So long as modern art does not return to the simple, animal senses, and find them sufficient, it must forever fumble about in the blind alleys of intellectual formulas.

. . .

I SHALL speak briefly about the Chinese conceptions of line and rhythm, of the sense of picture or composition, and the conception of atmosphere, and how that atmosphere is achieved. I hope that we can all go back to the life of the senses, relying solely on our animal and nervous sensitivity, and that we may restore the artistic approach to life and the confidence that the secrets and beauties of nature can never be exhausted, in spite of the candid camera. If you don't run away from the rain drops, you will find the rain drops beautiful yet, and there are a lot of other things that are extremely beautiful, in spite of this industrial age.

The whole difference in technique and conceptions of line and form between Chinese and western painting goes back to a difference in tools and materials: the Chinese use a hair brush and ink whereas western painters use a pencil or pen or a brush with oil paint. The consequences are extremely far reaching. It is an esthetic and not merely a material difference. The basis is mechanical, but the developments are spiritual. Today

the entire field of Chinese art and Chinese esthetics are profoundly influenced by this mechanical accident. It might have remained a mechanical difference, but the Chinese artistic mind made of it the gate which has opened to us the very secrets of rhythm and beauty in the universe. It is a case of accomplishing a great deal with very little.

Let us begin with the mechanical and proceed to the spiritual and esthetic. The technique of Chinese painting and calligraphy is largely conceived as a technique of the brush and ink and paper. It is the sensitive recording of a man's movement through a brush of a certain degree of hardness or softness, working with a varying fulness or economy of ink on a highly receptive paper surface. The Chinese speak of painting as the "play of ink" on paper. This paper is so sensitive to the touch of ink that every trace of the brush across its surface is recorded in a way which almost suggests the effect of light on a sensitized photographic plate. There is an entire technique about the handling of the brush: either the point or the body is used, its varying impact, whether pausing or lifting from the paper, achieving strength of stroke or sureness or gracefulness or delicacy. Then there is the control of the comparative liquidity or dryness of the ink, so that when laid on paper it can suggest different tones and qualities of surface. This seems to be the A B C of Chinese painting and calligraphy.

Chinese painting, therefore, begins with the mastery of the stroke. Chinese contributions to the notion of line and rhythm are important, because line is emphasized in Chinese art, has a more important development there than in western art,



BAMBOO

and reveals a greater richness and variety of rhythm. And here we come to the quality which is most basic of all—rhythm. The stroke became a means for imitating the irregular lines of nature, for Chinese art is characterized by hatred of the straight line. One of the singular contrasts between Chinese and western painting is the emphasis on outlines in the former and the emphasis, in the latter, on surface—with consequent obliteration of outlines. In most western painting the outlines of forms are implied rather than indicated by bold ink strokes.

The Chinese emphasis on line, then, leads to an appreciation of the linear aspects of nature. To the Chinese artist, all nature is vibrating with the sensuality of its rhythmic lines, the soothing lines of blue hills and winding rivers, the soft lines of clouds, the rugged lines of rocks, the delicate lines of bamboo, the massive lines of pine trees, the entwining lines of cypress and old giant creepers and the graceful lines of willows. So long as we are not blind to the beauty of lines and rhythm, the beauties of nature can never be exhausted. The secret lies in training ourselves to see these lines, their witchery, their clarity and their grace or strength. With that secret we shall find that everywhere there is beauty—not the streamlines of a modern motor car, which are too regular and smooth for our esthetic appreciation, but the irregular, rhythmic lines of nature's rocks and trees and animal limbs.

In Chinese calligraphy a complete esthetic has been developed, based on the various beauties and rhythms in nature. Every single rhythmic motif has been incorporated and imitated in the characters, from the tenuous, wriggling movement of fighting snakes, to the massive power of the lion's paws and the listless downward hanging of a helpless, dried-up vine. The western painter is at a disadvantage in showing the beauty of a helpless, overhanging vine, although he appreciates it, because he has not developed the necessary, subtle brush movement. When he slowly builds up that line the joy of movement is lost. The whole thing must be done as a unified stroke. As one would expect, the esthetic sense which this approach entails is carried over from calligraphy to our everyday life; the Chinese appreciate mountains according to whether they have a pleasing outline.

Naturally I, as a Chinese, find a comparative paucity of line in western pictures, which is of course due to habit, but which seems unsatisfying to me none the less. As I see a western painting, I cannot experience the pleasure of tracing the movements of the brush of the artist. The preoccupation with lines in Chinese painting is such that, as we often see, a painting may consist of a single branch of plum flowers, or a few bamboo trees, their leaves and a slender rock beside them, and the Chinese artist considers it sufficient. The esthetic pleasure is mainly the sheer joy of a free, luxuriant movement of the brush and ink on paper.

The case of the paintings of rocks is perhaps most typical. We all feel a sensuous pleasure in experiencing the outline, weight and surface of a rock, its coolness, size and rugged strength. That sensuous feeling is the basis of all art, and if a modern man will but look closely at a piece of rock covered with moss and somewhat wet, feel its coolness and its texture, the color of rock and moss and the underlying layer of fragrant earth, he will pronounce this world here and now beautiful, and will not have to escape into a primitive forest. Mi Fei, the great Sung painter, said of the appreciation of rocks that they must be *hsiou*, *tsou*, *t'ou* and *sou*—must have delicacy, undulation, clarity and slenderness. If we have not seen these things in rocks, then we have not learned to see beauty. A seventeenth-century critic, Chin Shengt'an, said that not only rocks, but "a little patch of water, a village, a bridge, a tree, a hedge or a dog . . . has each its great delicacy, great undulation, great clarity and great slenderness. If we fail to see this, it is because we do not understand how to look at them as old Mi looked at the rocks." We cannot escape from lines and rhythm anyhow, wherever we go; a truer, more refined, and more intensive and universal enjoyment of line as such would deepen our appreciation of nature. I feel that this is a most fruitful source of artistic inspiration, capable of producing great results in painting, designing, sculpture and architecture. Isadora Duncan precipitated a revolution in the art of dancing by liberating it from the artificial movements of the ballet and imitating the natural lines of nature. The same revolution in our notion of line and form will produce equally important results. Our lines are too mechanical, too far removed from nature. The Chinese do not make that error; they often use gnarled roots and the stumps of oak trees for furniture. The Chinese hate straight mechanical lines, and have never produced anything like an obelisk. Even in their tables and table legs they try to imitate the lines of clouds.

An important result of this intensified emphasis on line and rhythm is its effect on our notion of composition and sense of picture. The composition naturally grows from the lines, and a picture is but the harmonious arrangement of lines according to a dominant rhythm. This idea is common both to the East and the West, but there are two points in connection with Chinese painting that I must mention. First, the clearer outlines in a Chinese picture cause the Chinese artist to define his compositional scheme more clearly, and to eliminate a great many non-essential and distracting elements from a picture. The result is the well known artistic use of space. This is the important quality, appreciated in pictures, rockeries and house interiors, known as *k'ungling* or "empty and alive." The thing that Chinese artists and interior decorators try most to avoid is "stuffiness," or having too much packed into a room or a picture.

All good pictures, Chinese and western, have a unified conception, but the Chinese go a little further in the elimination of distracting elements, and this conception of unity is more immediately apparent. The Chinese speak of the "conception" of a picture, saying that the "conception must precede the brush, and after the brush has done its work, the conception remains." Painting a picture is therefore the "writing out" of the artist's "conception" of a certain group of lines and forms, dominated and unified by a controlling rhythm.

The over-emphasis on lines and "conception" has resulted in pictures perhaps too obviously stretched across a flat surface. This is clearest in Chinese pictures of the floors of a great hall or corridor, without "perspective," as we say. To be sure, there is depth of surface intended in a landscape picture. But the idea of a picture as a way of looking at things as if they belonged on a flat surface usually crops out. I have tried to show in *My Country and My People* that even Chinese poetry

is influenced by this flat surface technique in describing scenery. We see this also quite clearly in Chinese portraits, where there is generally no shading of either side of the man's face. The picture lacks depth, and it is exactly what we would see if we looked at the subject with one eye closed. The Chinese landscape therefore presents an essentially one-eyed rather than a stereoscopic view. Naturally this way of seeing has a marked effect on the composition of Chinese pictures.

Perhaps this aspect can be more clearly indicated if we remember how often in western paintings of men and women in the open air several gigantic figures in the foreground may occupy twice or thrice the space given to larger objects in the distance. Now according to a three-dimensional standard, the picture is harmonious, but if we see the picture, as I often do, as a scheme on a purely flat surface, we are jarred by the sense of disproportion. To avoid this comparative looming up of figures and objects in the foreground, the Chinese artist usually pushes the foreground to a distance by assuming that he is painting from a high altitude. And of course he conceives of the picture in relation to the flat surface. An important consequence of this attitude is that the Chinese artists seem to be devoid of the sense of touch, and most pictures are conceived as outlines, beautiful as outlines. It is all a question of relativity, but this difference is obvious when we compare a Chinese painting with one by Leonardo da Vinci. In fact, it is the absence of the sense of touch that makes Chinese pictures look so ethereal.

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Below: BAMBOO



Right: ORCHID



WE COME now to the important question of atmosphere, which is the key to everything. It is known that Chinese poetry and Chinese painting aim primarily at recording a mood, or achieving an atmosphere. How is that atmosphere achieved?

Let us again proceed from the Chinese sense of picture. One of the most important critical concepts in Chinese art and poetry is the distinction between "picture" and "sentiment." They are regarded as mutually complementary. First there is the picture or scene, say, a constellation of stars against a blue sky, or an autumn landscape; and secondly, there is the man looking at the picture. Now this conception of "picture" is highly subjective and a picture is artistically incomplete without the human sentiment of the onlooker.

Chinese critics of T'ang poetry always point out where in the eight lines the "picture" or objective element is to be found, and where the "sentiment" or subjective element in a given poem resides. From this point of view, therefore, it is foolish to be scared of the competition of the candid camera. For there is always a human emotional or onlooker's element which a photographer cannot capture. All art consists in infusing the landscape or picture before us with the characteristically human sentiment. If that is the case, we do not have to be frightened away from, or dissatisfied with, the material world here and now, which is always the source of our artistic inspiration.

Nor does the artist have to intrude his personality into the picture, vigorously asserting himself, and by all manners of eccentricity declaring his own ego to the world. All that is not necessary. He can be just natural, and if he has a poetic, sensitive soul, a soul drunk with beauty, somehow his poetic way

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AN ARTIST EXAMINES HIS WORLD

BY HARRY G. ACKERMAN

IT HAS generally been characteristic of the artists of the last century that their relations with organized society and industry have been undefined and devoid of functional meaning. Failing to find a reliable and understanding friend in mankind, the artist, in both his life and work, became introspective, isolated, and began a process of heroic and morbid justification of self and individual aspirations at all costs. In his art, consciously or romantically, even frantically, he strove to find the logical human relationships and creative outlets that were lacking in a materialistic civilization not yet reconciled to subtler artistic and human values. The industrial revolution and the advent of the machine age widened the breach in many different ways; the artist's whole existence was anchored in troubled waters. Today, more than ever, art is a recording of the pulse of the artist's life. Into it enter all the new menacing situations of a changing confused world, which generally neither understands nor is materially helpful to him.

But art is no less justifiable as a human activity than many others. To say, as so many do, that it is not one of the essential survival activities of man is to fail to understand its relation to the artist—that for him it is the most vital survival weapon. And to deny its prime importance for him is to deny his right to live. To say, also, that its value is individual and of questionable importance to all men is to fail to understand that into the artist's finest creations enters inevitably his search for human meanings and relationships. The sensuous aspect of art is seldom an end in itself; it envelops the means, but does not disclose the end. The gratification of the senses which art makes possible is necessarily of a limited character unless one sees the face beneath the cosmetics, the inner spirit radiated through the face. In the face and spirit of art are to be found that more enduring pattern of all human existence which is present in the lives of men, without regard to their more specialized interests and activities. Here for all men is another basic language, their own language, if they could only read it correctly; another cultural weapon, if they could only use it correctly.

Ultimate human meanings are not, unfortunately, the major concern of a materialistic age. The essential human content of art has been ignored for its sensations; the body, for its outer garments. These sensations, even when they were the pleading of tormented, baffled beings were a source of diversion to the patrons of art and of further bewilderment to the public at large. Since the life of the layman is, of necessity, for the most part on a utilitarian or prosaic level, and since he cannot easily permit himself the luxury of filling his cupboard with mystic perceptions and thoughts, the more practical vision was demanded of the artist even if it was banal and commercial.

Although the individual artist, if his purse permits, is freer than at any other time in history to pursue his wildest fancies to remote places (and the lack of the filled purse has never halted the resolute and daring), the artist's life humanly, socially and physically has become more and more circumscribed. Impulses and talents, once a source of partial guidance of the individual's life, today may be his main motivation and obsession, but the things the senses of the artist feed on joyously are few in number and apart from the norm.

On the other hand modern learning, inventions, and communications opened new horizons to the human imagination, and as a result, the artist's knowledge, thoughts and feelings acquired scope and complexity. In time a contradictory art emerged, ideologically rich and vast, yet with its physical symbols derived from a limited physical environment and restricted sensual perceptual activity. Mankind, excepting the harlot, circus people, stage idols, street waifs and musicians, old companions of the artist in his misanthropic existence, was excluded from his repertory. He painted things that were close to him—not the hostile, rational world at large.

The heightened speed, confusion, noise, the changing aspects of the industrial cities, did not lessen his confused state; rather they limited his joyous sensory experience to those things that were simplest and nearest to him until the four walls of his room provided the tones and planes for an abstract picture. Simultaneously he read of relativity and international developments in all fields. Knowledge of such an extensive nature, joined to the increasingly limited mimicry instincts of his restricted life, resulted in the dilemma peculiar to the subjective twentieth-century artist.

The artist's strained relation to society produced difficult relations with family, friends—even those closest to him—for such was the system of life everywhere (excepting primitive islands in the Pacific to which some artists escaped) that all rational compromising men turned their backs on the artist's speculative, individualistic, lonely existence.

More and more his art became a substitute for the basic human experiences, an escape which in extreme instances could lead to nothing less than self destruction—a tragic circumstance which did actually overpower some of the finest artists of the last hundred years. The varieties of this substitution of art for life were many; the forms of art resulting from them, many. Those without insight into the social environmental origins of these untraditional forms of art were inclined to treat them as miracles and superlative creations of

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TOSCANINI'S BIG STICK

BY DAVID EWEN

TOSCANINI IS back in America, and all over the country they are saying that a temporary music depression is over. Two years ago Toscanini, whose big stick directed the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society for ten years, creating a standard of orchestral performances which remained without equal throughout the world—said permanent farewell to America. Feeling that the gap left vacant by Toscanini could never be filled by any other conductor, or group of conductors, the National Broadcasting Company made herculean efforts to bring the Italian maestro back to America. They started a special orchestra for him which included famous musicians combed from different parts of America and Europe. They provided him with working conditions to satisfy his most fastidious requirements as an artist—a sufficient number of rehearsals, full liberty in the planning of the programs and complete control of the artistic policies of the orchestra. They gave him a fabulous salary, and (the medium of radio being what it is) a weekly audience of twenty million listeners. Toscanini finally yielded, consenting to conduct ten consecutive weeks of radio concerts. It was costing the National Broadcasting Company a quarter of a million dollars to restore Toscanini to American music lovers. Considering Toscanini's position in the world of music, the price was a bargain.

When, on Christmas night, radio listeners throughout America tuned in on the first of the Toscanini concerts, they were listening not only to the world's greatest conductor, but also to one who—in his own day—has become something of a legend with the music public.

Probably no other musician in America—not Caruso nor Paderewski nor Tetrazzini—has had the capacity of inflaming the imagination of a music world as has Toscanini. The conductor's platform on which he stands becomes instantly bathed with glamour; the concert hall in which he appears becomes alive with electric currents. One has merely to recall the queue which patiently encircled Carnegie Hall for ten hours trying to gain admission to his farewell American concert two years ago, or to bring to mind the brilliant and cosmopolitan audience that travels each summer to the Salzburg music festival in Austria (from points as far remote as Buenos Aires, California and Bombay) to hear him conduct opera, to realize the peculiarly potent magnetism of the man.

Toscanini's hold on the imagination of a worldwide public is not difficult to explain, nor is his ability to inspire fabulous stories. He provides the material which goes into the making of public idols. His phenomenal musical gifts inevitably inspire wonder and awe: his memory, which has absorbed the entire symphonic repertoire and the bulk of operatic literature; his phenomenal ear, which can pierce through the most inextricable mazes of orchestral sonority and pluck from it a wrong note or an ill adjusted nuance; his prodigious ability to make an orchestra play, and singers sing, as no other conductor of recent memory has succeeded in doing.

But it is not his genius alone that has encircled his head in glamour. His personality is such as to excite the imagination of the masses. His reticence and impenetrable aloofness have spread about him an intriguing cloak of mystery. His volatile personality—his volcanic temper and, at other moments, his almost angelic serenity—injects a dramatic note into everything he says and does. The vibrancy of his personality charges the atmosphere in which he appears, acting almost hypnotically on both the audience and the musicians who perform under his baton.

Added to these personal attributes, there are Toscanini's unsurpassable humility and modesty, his unblemished integrity as an artist, his complete preoccupation with his art. Music, to him, is a religious ritual in which he is a high priest. Thus he completely disregards—even flees from—those things for which other artists struggle: personal glorification, applause and adulation, pomp and ceremony.

There is, finally, a rich vein of nobility in him which sets him apart from all other musicians. The same fierce honesty and high idealism which he has brought to music, he likewise brings to life. Expediency and diplomacy do not exist for him. He has fearlessly expressed his antagonism to Fascism in his native Italy, has even suffered personal abuse rather than perform the Fascist hymn at one of his concerts. Likewise, he was the first musician to express open indignation and contempt for the treatment his fellow artists received in Germany in 1933. He has never failed to support an important cause, or to rally to an important issue. He—who could drive such a hard financial bargain with those who could afford to pay his price—has time and again offered his services for nothing. To mention only one of many instances: Last year, and this year again, he has conducted the Palestine Symphony Orchestra, which consists of exiled German musicians, in a rigorous traveling schedule which sapped his energies to the point of physical exhaustion. Yet he not only refused to accept any remuneration, but even declined the offer of traveling expenses.

Such qualities are the stuff of which legends are made.

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THE CURIOUS thing about Toscanini is the fact that, although myths have been created about him, the truth is frequently stranger than the fiction. I have heard stories about Toscanini which, I know, have been cut from the whole cloth. Yet actual incidents are more incredible than the invented ones.

There is the matter of his extraordinary ear, for example. I have heard people state it as a fact that Toscanini can tell, while an entire orchestra is performing, when one violinist is not bowing correctly. Or—to repeat still another myth—I have been told the story that Toscanini was once introduced to a man whom he did not recognize; but when the man began playing the violin, Toscanini instantly recalled his name, and where and under what circumstances they had met fifteen years before. Such stories, and many similar ones, are apocryphal; nor does the fact that they have been invented improve their dramatic quality. Toscanini may not know when



. . . Toscanini carves each line of music like a sculptor. . . .

one violinist is bowing incorrectly. However, let one violinist fake a difficult passage and his ear will detect it, even though sixty violinists are playing simultaneously. I myself attended a rehearsal of Toscanini in which the orchestra was playing a thunderous climax of a modern work. Toscanini abruptly stopped the orchestra to tell the flautist that his accentuation in a certain phrase was inexact!

Stories have likewise been invented about his memory; I could, if I had the space, enumerate offhand a half dozen which Toscanini himself has said are fabricated. But the true ones are much more telling. It is well known that Toscanini began his conductorial career in Buenos Aires at the age of nineteen, when he was hurriedly called to substitute for an absent conductor in an opera performance. To the amazement of both audience and musicians, Toscanini conducted the opera of the evening, Verdi's *Aïda*, from memory, even though he had never before in his life conducted a note of music. The feat earned him the post with the opera company permanently; and although he conducted eighteen different operas, not once did he refer to the printed page.

Since that historic debut, Toscanini's career has spanned fifty years and has brought him to the four corners of the

world. He has directed standard works, unfamiliar and forgotten old music, and new compositions fresh from manuscript, both in the symphony hall and the opera house. In fifty years, his baton has carved the performance of what must surely constitute the bulk of musical literature. Yet, in all this time and through all of these works, Toscanini has directed from memory. I am certain that musical history would be at a loss to duplicate a similar feat of memory.

He remembers every note and every marking on the printed page of every score he conducts. At one time a double-bassoon player came to Toscanini before a rehearsal, saying that something had gone wrong with his instrument so that he could not sound the note of E flat. Toscanini buried his head in his hands, spent several moments in intense concentration and then told the musician: "That's all right. The note of E flat does not appear in your music today." As a regular thing Toscanini can receive a new composition, never before performed, on a Friday afternoon, and the following Monday be able to direct rehearsals from memory. On one occasion when he accomplished this feat, he even went so far as to correct the composer himself, who happened to be present, in certain nuances which were definitely marked on the manuscript but which the composer had forgotten.

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THE TOSCANINI legend, as it is repeated from mouth to mouth, places particular emphasis upon his capricious temperament. Stories of his Italian temper, his mercilessly rigid discipline, his erraticism and idiosyncrasies of personality, his inflexibly iron will form the bulk of the anecdotal material about him. Here, I think, legends have far outdistanced the truth, and in some instances do not do justice to the man.

It is quite true that hell hath no fury like Toscanini's when a musical performance or rehearsal goes badly. In Italy he once smashed his fist through a glass window because the audience disturbed the continuity of an opera by demanding an encore; and in Carnegie Hall he once punched a thin wooden cabinet into splinters because a Wagner number did not go smoothly. In his younger days he was not above throwing a music stand at the unsuspecting head of an erring musician, while today he still yields at times to tantrums of angry violence at mistakes.

Yet Toscanini's temper, I know, has been greatly exaggerated. He can be the most sweet tempered and docile of men. He demands, of course, the most exacting discipline from his performers, is importunate in his demand for perfection of performance. But he is far from being unreasonable. He can rehearse a passage twenty times in succession without losing his equanimity. Usually, he explains his desires quietly and simply, and if his explanation has not been comprehended, he will repeat his demands a second or third time. It is only after prolonged rehearsal, when he finally feels incapable of transmitting his conception of a work to his musicians, that he yields first to despair and then to frenzy. At such moments, his temper is cataclysmic. He explodes the hot lava of invective upon the men. He weeps with humiliation. Then, he may go off in a corner, sulk in his seat, bury his head in his hands and moan and sigh to himself. The musicians know that these storms are temporary, and wait quietly for them to subside. When they do, in a few minutes, Toscanini returns to his stand and quietly begins all over again in explaining his wishes to the men.

Those who know Toscanini well—particularly the musicians who play under him—realize that his temper, when it strikes, is not the expression of a pampered and spoiled prima donna, but the outburst of a profound artist who seeks always to attain perfection in his performances. When a concert goes well, physical discomforts, hard work, petty disturbances cannot cause a ripple on the placid surface of his satisfaction. His face beams sunshine, he giggles, even attempts a jest, and is at perfect harmony with the world about him. When performances do not go well, he explodes because he is actually suffering intense physical pain. In New York, he used to shut himself in his hotel room for a day, refusing to see anyone, not even touching an article of food, and bleating to himself like a lamb who had been stabbed. In Salzburg, he often was seen walking with a hasty pace through the streets, an expression of intense pain contracting the muscles of his face.

True, he is a martinet and a man of iron; he dominates his players with dictatorial firmness, demanding from them their last ounce of concentration and attention. But although his will is as strong as steel, he has something of steel's pliancy. Off the platform, he adopts towards his musicians a touching solicitude of affection; when, several years ago, he made his famous tour of Europe with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society, he personally looked after the comforts of his hundred men as a father might tend a brood of children. As a matter of fact, those who know Toscanini intimately know only too well that there is a broad streak of sentimentality in him. He is intensely affectionate and warm, sometimes melting with his feelings. He has been known to weep like a schoolgirl upon hearing beautiful music. Characteristic of the softness of his make-up was the dramatic first performance of Puccini's *Turandot*. The composer, who was a very dear friend of Toscanini, died while the opera was still in the process of composition, and at Toscanini's wish the work was performed, under his baton, in its uncompleted state. At the performance of the opera, therefore, the work came to a sudden halt, the music stopped in the very middle of a phrase. Toscanini put down his baton, turned around to the audience, and—with the tears pouring down his face—called out: "Here—here—the master died!"

Not prima donna temperament but a profound artistic conscience makes him flee from the applause and adulation of an audience. Throughout his career Toscanini has detested taking bows at the end of a concert or opera, feeling strongly that the audience was deflecting its enthusiasm from the composer to him. He has the supreme modesty of all truly great men. In this connection I am reminded of a rehearsal which I shall never forget, and which I am sure I was the first to mention in print. Toscanini had been rehearsing Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society, and the orchestra—which had played the work frequently before this—suddenly felt that it was receiving an altogether new insight into the masterpiece, that Toscanini through his penetrating analysis, his magnetic personality and his profound conception had succeeded in laying bare for them the very soul of the music. At the end of the rehearsal the orchestra could contain itself no longer. The men



. . . when a concert goes well Toscanini's face beams sunshine. . . .

rose to their feet and cheered the embarrassed little Italian at the top of their voices. For several minutes, Toscanini attempted to arrest their cheering by waving wildly at them. Finally, when the spontaneous ovation had subsided, Toscanini exclaimed with broken voice—and there were tears glistening in his eyes as he spoke: "Please—please—don't do this to me. You see, gentlemen, it isn't me . . . it's Beethoven."

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WHAT IT IS that makes Toscanini the greatest conductor in the world, what it is that makes another great conductor like Otto Klemperer exclaim that "a conductor like Toscanini comes only once in a thousand years," can be explained almost as easily as the reasons for his magnetic appeal as a personality.

I have already pointed out a part of Toscanini's extraordinary equipment as a conductor: his memory, his ear, and the vibrancy of his personality. These form only part of Toscanini's power. Equally important is his uncanny ability to divine the hidden mystery of every score he conducts. His enormous erudition and musical scholarship combine with an infallible taste and instinct in feeling precisely what the composer tried to put on paper. A few years ago, when Toscanini conducted Ravel's *Bolero* in Paris, Ravel told his friends that

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PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT MATTER

THE UNCOMPROMISING BAUHAUS APPENDAGE TO THE MARSHALL FIELD RESIDENCE IN CHICAGO POINTS UP THE DISCREPANCY BETWEEN VARYING BUILDING CONCEPTS SEPARATED BY MORE THAN A HALF CENTURY. THE WHOLE INTERIOR HAS SEEN GREAT INNOVATIONS

CHICAGO BAUHAUS

BY E. M. BENSON

ON THE cultural front Germany's loss has been America's gain. The tragic hegira of Germany's best minds to countries where their talents receive a friendlier reception has resulted, among other things, in an event of major importance to the American art world: namely the recent establishment of the Chicago Bauhaus, a school of design closely patterned after its defunct but once flourishing German prototype, the Bauhaus Academy, founded in 1919. In less than ten years the term "Bauhaus," the invention of its founder, Walter Gropius, became an international synonym for a sound relationship between art and industry based on an intelligent use of the machine to improve and beautify man's estate rather than to debase it; it became a synonym for a fresh "biotechnical" functionalism in all things from the design of one's home to

the design of one's life. This healthy ideology spread like a new dawn over the western world. Its influence was felt in almost every field of human activity.

The revival of the Bauhaus on American soil in a slightly modified form deserves to be warmly welcomed, for it gives promise of being the first real attempt in this country to fill the variable needs and make the maximum use of the variable talents of the young art student; and, what is equally important, it aims ultimately to become a central clearing house and workshop for excellently designed objects of daily use that lend themselves to inexpensive mass production. There is no reason why the Chicago Bauhaus under the able direction of L. Moholy-Nagy, a former associate of the Dessau Bauhaus, and Norma K. Stahle, Executive Director of the Association of Arts and Industries, should disappoint admirers of the original Bauhaus contribution on either of these counts. There is a danger, however, which I would be blind or dishonest not to mention, that the progressive and wholly praiseworthy point of view which motivates this enterprise may lose itself in theory and become a hot-house product too far removed from the ebb and flow of American life to influence it.

This is not said lightly, but with respectful regard for the aims of the Chicago Bauhaus and the means by which, it is hoped, they are to be realized. Moholy-Nagy, speaking for the institution whose destiny he directs, is convinced, and I heartily share this conviction, that man is essentially a creative animal; that he possesses rich reservoirs of creative intuition which, for lack of opportunity and intelligent supervision, often go untapped. Intimidated very early in his career by the commanding voice of tradition—the big stick of authority with which the average art school belabors its students into imitative submission—his natural development as a creative individuality is frustrated or permanently warped, often beyond redemption. This is undoubtedly true, but it is not the whole truth.

In itself tradition is neither good nor bad. It may be useful or harmful depending on its interpretation and its adaptation to the untraditional and always revolutionary needs of the moment. It is true that the contemporary world of art, like the world of politics, is seriously menaced by those who bastardize tradition and interpret it to suit their own narrow and indiscriminate ends. In their hands tradition becomes a mockery and a sham and when fed to art students in poisonous doses takes its heavy toll. But we know also that tradition, if properly understood and utilized, can serve as a tower of strength and inspiration. To throw aside tradition altogether is to evade both the sham and the inspiration. We must protect ourselves against the falsifiers of tradition only.

The Bauhaus, in its sincere desire to escape the injurious influence of the false-whiskered priesthood of art, proposes, temporarily at any rate, to discard all the restraining garments of tradition and have the students devote themselves to intensive experimentation with the basic materials of all the arts in an obligatory course in sensory integration for beginners which was first introduced at the original Bauhaus. Despite the precautions taken to stimulate the free expression of the student's personality unhampered by tradition, there seems to be as much imitation at the Bauhaus in Chicago as can usually be found at the Art Students' League in New York. But instead of imitating Kenneth Hayes Miller and Alexander Brook, Bauhaus students are imitating Archipenko and Moholy-Nagy. I am not sure that either form of imitation is wholly avoidable; to a certain extent it is almost inevitable, except in the work of children and of perennial primitives. The mimicry instinct in animals exists as strongly in man, and it can only be converted into creation by a painful and endless struggle with reality. Tradition is a large part of that reality and if the student ignores it at twenty he has still to face it at thirty or forty. Perhaps it is essential that the student discover himself before he discovers the world he lives in. I am inclined to think, however, that we discover our personalities as much by the things we do for ourselves as by the things others do for and to us. Personality does not flourish behind closed doors but in close communication with other personalities both living and dead.

The Chicago Bauhaus hopes ultimately to relate art to the needs of the common man, but the spirit of the common man is still conspicuously absent. I came away from my brief visit to the Bauhaus convinced that this was an extremely valuable scientific laboratory such as America is sadly in need of, but one from which, unfortunately, the world of flesh and blood was almost completely excluded; I felt that technique took precedence over humanity, form over content. My visits to the workshops and conversations with several members of the faculty and student body only served to confirm this impression.

And yet I am equally certain that few things of comparable potential significance to the field of art have taken root in America during my own time. The Chicago Bauhaus can be enormously useful. It can create standards of quality and craftsmanship in industries where none exist and produce designers who will help to maintain these standards. Here for the first time a course is devoted to light as a material of creative construction, and another to intellectual integration. In most other respects the program resembles that of the original Bauhaus. There is a four year course for designers and a six year course for architects. If it succeeds in bridging the gap between theory and life, the intelligently formulated program of the Bauhaus must, within a reasonable number of years, begin to make itself felt, not only in industry as it affects our tastes and physical environment, but also in the more efficient assimilation of art talents into spheres of civic and aesthetic usefulness.

The Bauhaus must ultimately be judged not by the lofty and convincing language used to explain its aims to the public, nor by the bright-eyed and serious students who now man its workshops,—although these, certainly tell us a great deal—but rather by its ability to play a vital rôle in the life of American art and industry; to serve as a generator of constructive ideas for the art schools of America, stimulating them to cope more specifically and more courageously with the economic and artistic futures of their students. If the Chicago Bauhaus can adapt itself, without adulterating its own spirit, to the peculiar needs and conditions of the American scene, it will be a success. Otherwise it will be just another valiant attempt to create light where there was darkness, beauty where there was only profit.

CÉZANNE IN THE LETTERS OF MARION TO MORSTATT, 1865-1868

TRANSLATED BY MARGARET SCOLARI WITH NOTES BY ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

Good luck brought us to the Pension Haag in Stuttgart where for several months early in the year 1933 we found excellent hospitality. During the course of our stay Frau Haag satisfied our curiosity about certain of the pictures on her walls by letting us examine a bundle of letters which her father, Heinrich Morstatt, had received from a young Frenchman, Fortuné Marion, some seventy years ago. The letters contained news and opinions about painting, music and literature both from the small town of Aix-en-Provence and the great world of Paris. New facts about Cézanne, a fresh and intimate glimpse of his young manhood and even notes from his own hand seemed exciting discoveries. Yet almost equally interesting were the indications of Marion's own character and spirit: loyal, enthusiastic, sensitive; prescient of the greatness of his friend Cézanne but just as keenly aware of his pathos.

Rather than publish Marion's letters in chronological sequence we have arranged practically all the material about Cézanne to form a series of related commentaries upon particular themes. The first chapter, published here, concerns Cézanne and Marion in Aix; the second gives an excited account of the attack made by Cézanne and his Paris friends upon the philistine gates of the official Salon; the third reveals Cézanne's enthusiasm for Wagner unknown before the discovery of these letters—which are published here with the kind permission of Frau Haag.

The Aix Group: The Letters

In the small town of Aix-en-Provence there came to maturity during the decade 1855 to 1865 a group of remarkably talented men. Cézanne and Zola were to become world famous and others of the circle were to win more than local reputations: Coste as publicist and antiquarian, Alexis as poet, Valabrègue as critic, Solari as sculptor, Roux as editor and novelist, Collot and Marion as scientists.

The last named, A. Fortuné Marion,[1] was born at Aix in 1846. He studied the biological sciences in Marseilles and Paris, specialized in palaeobotany and rose in his profession with extraordinary rapidity. In 1867, during the period with which we are concerned, he published, at the age of twenty-one, *Premières observations sur l'ancienneté de l'homme dans les Bouches du Rhône.* In 1876 he was appointed Professor of Zoology at the University of Marseilles and in 1880 at the age of thirty-four he became the director of the Marseilles Museum of Natural History. His major work was *l'Evolution du règne végétal* written in collaboration with G. de Saporta and published in several volumes in 1881-85. He died at Marseilles in 1900.

During his early years at least, as his letters to Morstatt reveal, Marion was also an enthusiastic amateur of painting and music, combining a professional interest in the most radical scientific movements of his time with a remarkably advanced taste for Cézanne and Wagner.

Cézanne's friendship for Marion seems to have developed during the middle 'sixties, especially in the summer months when Cézanne came down from Paris to Aix. The portrait which Cézanne made of Marion has hitherto been the principal evidence of their friendship, but the long series of letters which Marion wrote their German friend Morstatt throws a fresh contemporary light not only upon their relationship but also upon the character, ambition and background of Cézanne himself during those important formative years when he was at the height of his "romantic" period.

Heinrich Morstatt, the recipient of the letters, was born at Canstatt near Stuttgart in 1844. His father wanted him to go into business so that in 1864 at the age of twenty he found himself in Marseilles on some commercial enterprise. In Marseilles he lived at the Pension Arnoux where, possibly, he met Marion for in the first letter of the series, written from Aix, August, 1865, Marion sends his regards to Mme. Arnoux. By 1867 Morstatt had returned to Stuttgart where he gave up the "*industries philistines,*" as Cézanne phrased it,[2] to study music professionally. By 1869 he was teaching piano at the Stuttgart Conservatory and later founded a school of music which he directed with great distinction until his death in 1925. According to his daughter, Frau Hedwig Haag of Stuttgart, her father carried throughout his life vivid and affectionate memories of his two years in Marseilles and of the brilliant circle of young men to whom he had brought his musicianship and, in Cézanne's words, "*les nobles accents de Richard Wagner.*"[3]

Antony Valabrègue, the fourth of our important *dramatis personae*, was born in Aix in 1844, the same year as Morstatt, and so was nearer Marion than Cézanne in age. He was a literary man, a poet, critic, art historian and an intimate friend of both Cézanne and Zola. In later life he published books on the artists, Claude Gillot, Mme. Falconnet and the brothers Le Nain.

The letters from Marion to Morstatt, now in the possession of Frau Haag, are thirty-five in number and date from August, 1865, to the end of 1868. They include two notes written by Cézanne himself[3] and long quotations from letters which Marion received from Valabrègue in Paris. The painting of the "realists," Cézanne, Courbet, Manet, Guillemet, is only one of the many subjects touched on in the letters. There are also discussions of music, with which of course Morstatt was primarily concerned; of literature, of Zola especially, but also of the Germans, Schiller, Achim von Arnim, Goethe; and of geology, biology, aesthetics—in short most of the subjects which would interest an active adherent of the avant-garde in the middle 'sixties.





Above: Fig. 1. Fortuné Marion. From a photograph taken about 1868
Right: Fig. 2. Heinrich Morstatt. Photographed in Stuttgart, 1868

The two photographs reproduced in figures 1 and 2 were probably made at about the same time in 1867 or '68; that of Marion in Marseilles; that of Morstatt in Stuttgart. The photograph of Marion, found among Morstatt's papers, is endorsed: "*A mon ami H. Morstatt en signe d'affectueuse sympathie. Fortuné Marion.*" Apparently Marion's beard had been trimmed at the time the photograph was taken, for the portrait by Cézanne (fig. 3) shows him with a beard more in proportion to his shock of long hair. Morstatt must have exchanged photographs with Marion, for Marion wrote in May, 1868, that he could provide Cézanne with a photograph of Morstatt so that the young German might be included in the large portrait group which, Marion informs us, Cézanne was planning at the time. Cézanne's portraits of himself (fig. 4) and of Valabrègue[4] give us some idea of their appearance during the years covered by the correspondence and complete our gallery of the four friends.

"*Notre bande*"

Although Marion was confined to Aix and Marseilles with only occasional visits to Paris, his sense of solidarity and sympathy with Cézanne, Valabrègue, Zola and the others of "*notre bande*" was very strong. Their battles he made his own, their triumphs and despair were his, and their sense of defiant independence.

"I expect you Sunday," he wrote to Morstatt, inviting him to Aix, "as soon as you can manage to get up. By the second train, the 9:30—six o'clock is still too dark. We shall all be there and all original, absolutely, beyond all compromise. Not even among ourselves." (Letter 7, August 28, 1866.)

"Neither Paul nor Antony [Valabrègue] are here at the moment; this is why I am the only one to write. But you can pretend the letter is signed by all three. They are beginning to like us immensely here in Aix. The people salute us in the street; an idiot has just dedicated some verses "To Paul Cézanne" in the local newspaper. What a lot of asses (*quel tas de culs*). *Au revoir, mon cher.*" (Letter 8, Aix, September, 1866.)

Two years later, after Morstatt had gone back to Germany:

"Cézanne plans to paint a picture in which he will use our portraits. One of us in the middle of a landscape will be shown speaking while the others listen. I have your photograph and you will be among us. If it is good Paul has in mind to present the picture, handsomely framed, to the Marseilles Museum which will thus be obliged to exhibit realist painting and our glory." (Letter 31, May 24, 1868.)

With generous insistence Marion keeps hoping that Morstatt may be able to rejoin the group. From Marseilles he writes Morstatt:

"If you work hard and without respite at your piano and music it seems to me that you could have a career in France in some place where I could be and Cézanne with us. This is not a mere castle in Spain and I truly hope that it may come to pass. The three of us, painter, musician and scientist, would make a very fine combination. Our literary friends could be with us from time to time but for Zola and Valabrègue Paris is everything while Provence is perfect for the three of us." (Letter 32, July 17, 1868.)

But Marion's plan was never to be realized. In one of the last letters, written in the autumn of 1868, Marion remarks:

"Cézanne is not here now; but you can count on his remembrance; when we spoke of you recently walking along the banks of the Arc, we regretted your silence." (Letter 34, 1868.)

It was Morstatt, apparently, who let the correspondence

dwindle for Marion's last letter is one of the longest, filled with an excited account of the Zola-Alexis affair. Presumably it was not answered. Frau Haag believes that the task of continuing the elaborate correspondence in French proved too arduous for her father whose time was more and more consumed by his music.

Mal du siècle

In spite of their carefully conserved friendships, the *esprit de corps* of the group had its sombre side. The melancholy, the ennui, the romantic pessimism from which Cézanne[5] and the others seem to have suffered finds frequent expression in Marion's letters:

"Here everything is pretty much as usual. In the morning I do geology; in the evening I go out to Paul's in the country with Antony. We have supper. We walk about for a bit. We don't get drunk. It is all very sad." (Letter 8, September 1, 1866.)

"Today I am alone (Paul being away in the country). . . . How happy I should be to possess the idiocy of any chance traveling salesman and his imperturbable complacency. Ah my dear fellow . . . some people are so devilish self-confident. Fancy this damned Courbet everlastingly proud of himself, squaring himself before his pictures and exclaiming: 'That's painting for you! *Nom de Dieu*, no one will ever do the like again.' Not to have that kind of temperament—what despair." (Letter 25, October 17, 1867.)

And again he is overwhelmed:

"What a generation of sufferers we are, my poor friend. . . . Zola, you and I and many others. The curious thing is that some of us are just as unhappy with fewer worries, Cézanne for instance who has a comfortable life and nevertheless is subject to the black despairs of his peculiar temperament. I suppose we should be more resigned." (Letter 27, Mille Colonnes, January, 1868.)

Cézanne and Marion: Expeditions

Throughout the years covered by the letters most of the friends of Cézanne's youth, Zola, Baille, Roux, Coste, Solari and, much of the time, Valabrègue, were in Paris. During the months spent in Provence Cézanne, with his growing diffidence and inability to make new acquaintances, found himself isolated.[6] It is little wonder then that he should have turned for companionship to Marion, who had been left behind in Aix.

Marion was at work during this period on geology and prehistoric archeology in the Rhône delta. But he found time to paint as an amateur and during several summers accompanied Cézanne on expeditions into the country. Part of the time the young geologist would work with his pick and hammer and part of the time he would join his companion in painting:

"We went, Paul and I, to visit a castle and to spend the whole day in the mountains and woods." (Letter 8, September 1, 1866.)

In the spring of the following year Marion looks forward to Cézanne's return:

"Paul has written a few more lines from Paris with fresh handshakes for you. His winter campaign is over; he has done all he could in the way of work so he is right in coming away to the green of the country; I shall certainly be glad of his return—it means a pleasant time for me." (Letter 18, Marseilles, May 26, 1867.)

A year later Cézanne is welcomed home again from Paris:

"Paul came back from Paris again a few days ago. I shall see him soon and then he'll write to say hello. These last days we have gone swimming in the warm Catalan waters." (Letter 31, Aix, May 24, 1868.)

The Paintings Sent to Morstatt

Morstatt received not only letters from Marion and Cézanne but paintings as well. In a letter dated Marseilles, Café S. Michel, June, 1867, Marion writes:

"Paul, whom Granier saw in Paris, is coming back to us in a fortnight. We shall go off to get intoxicated by the green fields and sunshine. . . . I shall paint something for you. We shall send you a series of collective studies after a day of work with Paul. . . . You shall get all this when there is enough money to pay for the postage." (Letter 19.)

Later Marion writes again:

"Katz [a mutual friend] has sent you the box, my dear Henry, without the sketch. He was unable to find me in time and the seascape which was destined for you is still here. He says he wants to take it to you himself when he goes to Germany. You'll get another new one between now and then. And if Paul were back from Paris something also from him." (Letter 27, Mille Colonnes, January, 1868.)

Finally, six months later, Morstatt receives a letter dated Marseilles, July 17, 1868 (Letter 32):

"He [Katz] is bringing you a rather nice little sketch of mine which was intended for V. [Marion's mistress] who wanted it but willingly surrenders it to you. You also have Paul's still life. Some day we'll send you some other pictures."

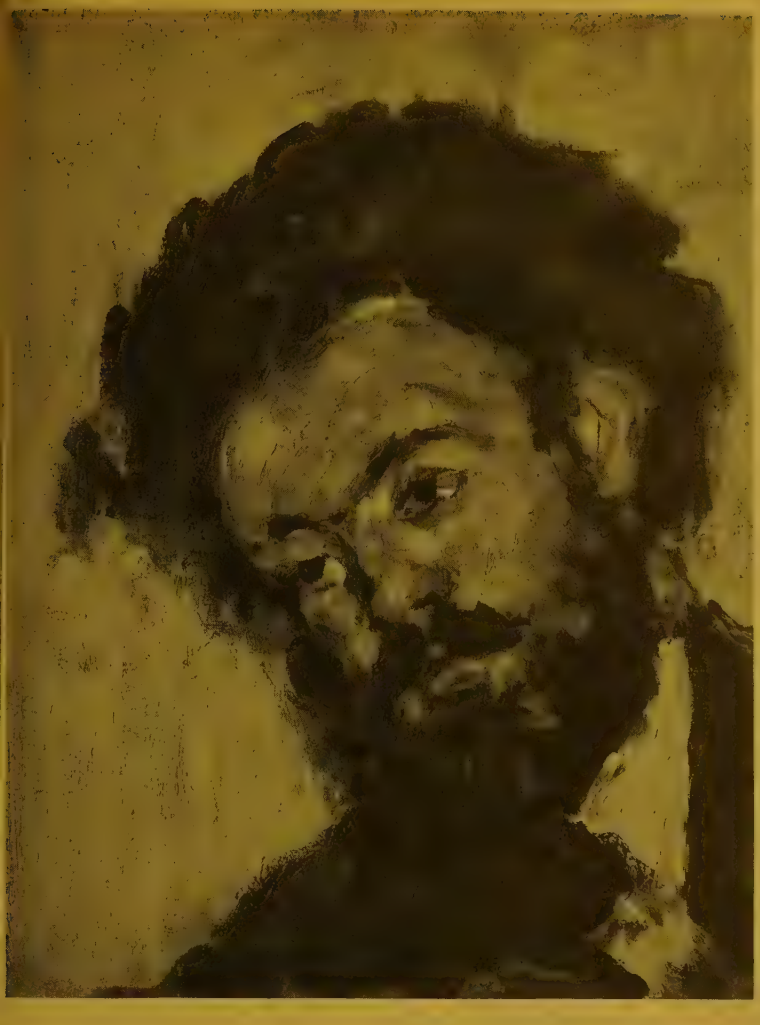
Of the paintings Marion and Cézanne sent to Morstatt, three remain. The "still life" mentioned in letter 32 is the *Nature morte, crâne et chandelier*[7] illustrated in figure 6. It was sold by Morstatt to the Thannhauser Galleries of Berlin about 1923 and is now in the collection of B. Mayer, Zurich.

The sketch, figure 5, by Marion mentioned in letter 32 is now in the collection of Morstatt's daughter, Frau Haag, in Stuttgart. It is a small, rather feeble, Courbet-like landscape study signed conspicuously, in the manner of a proud amateur: *A. F. Marion.*

Frau Haag owns another canvas of cliffs with a view of the sea, reproduced in figure 7. It is far more vigorous and confident in execution than Marion's sketch and its palette knife technique is indistinguishable from that of many Cézannes of this period. And, although the far smaller and more casual sketch of Marion bears a bold signature, this canvas, like the great majority of early Cézannes, is unsigned. All these factors point strongly to Cézanne as the painter. Because of the quality of the picture and its technique it is improbable that this is the "seascape" of which Marion wrote in letter 27 "I have destined for you" but which Katz was unable to send. Frau Haag reports that her father believed both landscapes to be by Marion but Marion's statement "you also have a still life by Paul. Some day we'll send you some other canvases" certainly suggests that Morstatt may have been in error and that Marion painted only one of the landscapes. After comparing the *Cliffs and Sea* with Marion's sketch and weighing the other evidence the writer is inclined to consider the painting a work by Cézanne[8] of 1866-68.

Cézanne's Portrait of Marion

At least once during these years Cézanne painted Marion's portrait. This event is not specifically mentioned in the letters except in connection with the composition called the *Overture to Tannhäuser* but there are several references to portraits, for instance:



"Paul is here hard at work painting and more Paul than ever, fully resolved this year to succeed at once. He has done some really good portraits lately; not painted with a knife this time, though every bit as vigorous besides being more skilfully treated and more pleasing." (Letter 20, Aix, early summer, 1867.)

Probably the one unquestioned portrait of Marion, which we illustrate in figure 4, was done at this time.[9] Or, less likely it may have been done a year later as a study for the large portrait group which, as we have seen, Cézanne was planning in the summer of 1868 (letter 31, quoted in the section "*Notre bande*").

Whenever it was painted the head of Marion is perhaps the most spontaneous and charming of all Cézanne's portraits. It suggests a vital and warm-hearted character, generous in friendship, with a quick intelligence, but easily affected by moods of extreme enthusiasm and despondency. Marion's letters to Morstatt and his portrait by Cézanne correspond perfectly in their indication of one of the most attractive personalities of the Aix constellation.

Cézanne's Water Colors

In these letters and in other literature of the period there are expressions of admiration for Cézanne's oil paintings, but the following sentence of Marion's deserves special emphasis, for it is the earliest known appreciation of his water colors:



Above: Fig. 3. Cézanne: Portrait of Marion, c. 1867. Collection Arnold Mettler, St. Gall. Right: Fig. 4. Cézanne: Self-Portrait "avec sa barbe révolutionaire," 1865-68. Collection Josse Bernheim-Jeune, Paris



Fig. 6. Landscape by Marion, painted 1867-8. Collection Frau Haag, Stuttgart, Germany

Fig. 5. Cézanne: Still life, "Crâne et chandelier," 1867-8. Collection B. Mayer, Zurich



"His water colors especially are quite remarkable. With incredible tones and a strange effect which I thought a water color incapable of producing." (Letter 20, written at Aix, early in the summer of 1867.)

Cézanne's Character and Greatness

Perhaps the most remarkable disclosure in these letters is Marion's conviction of Cézanne's greatness, a conviction which was about fifty years in advance of its time. Cézanne



Fig. 7. Attributed to Cézanne: "Cliffs and Sea." 1867-68. Collection Frau Hedwig Haag. Stuttgart, Germany

was seven years older than Marion and seems to have been to him like an older brother, a hero as well as a friend. But even after making allowances for a certain prejudice born of proximity and devotion, Marion's estimate of Cézanne seems almost clairvoyant. In one of the earliest letters Marion confides to Morstatt:

"But really, do you know, he is growing greater and greater. I truly believe that of us all it is he who will turn out to have the most violent and powerful temperament. Nevertheless he is continually discouraged." (Letter 6, Aix, June, 1866.)

It is worth noting that a month or so after this outburst of enthusiasm for Cézanne on Marion's part, Emile Zola wrote Numa Coste from Paris in a similar but more moderate tone:

"Cézanne is working; he is becoming more and more confirmed in the original path into which his nature directed him. I have great hopes of him." (Paris, July 26, 1866.)[10]

Cézanne's difficult nature was a frequent source of concern to Marion as it was to Zola. We have already quoted Marion's observation that Cézanne in spite of his "comfortable life" was nevertheless subject to "*noirs désespoirs moraux de tempérament.*"

In the autumn of 1868 Marion writes:

"Cézanne keeps on working violently and with all his might to regulate his temperament and to impose upon it the control of cold science. If he succeeds, my friend, there'll be some powerful and perfect works for us to admire." (Letter 34, Aix, 1868.)

Marion had, however, no real doubts about Cézanne's ultimate position. In a letter (No. 27) to Morstatt, September 6, 1867, after excited comment on the Manet exhibition which he had just seen in Paris, he began a new paragraph about Cézanne with a sentence which, looking back from the year 1938, seems a major prophecy:

"Paul is really far better than this." (Letter 23.)

(*Two more chapters will appear in early issues*—Ed.)

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1 A short biography of Marion appeared in the *Annales de la Faculté des Sciences de Marseille*, tome XI, under the signatures Jourdan, Gastine, Vayssière.

2 In a letter to Morstatt, May 24, 1868, quoted in the chapter *Cézanne and Wagner*.

3 Quoted in the chapter *Cézanne and Wagner*.

4 Reproduced in the next chapter, *Cézanne and the assault on the Salon*.

5 Cf. Gerstle Mack, *Paul Cézanne*, New York, 1935, pp. 158-159.

6 For Cézanne's temperament see Mack, *op. cit.*, chapter XVIII.

7 L. Venturi, *Cézanne, son art, son oeuvre*, Paris, 1936, No. 61, dated 1865-67.

8 The *Cliffs and Sea* was sent to Munich to be cleaned after Morstatt's death in 1925. At that time it was attributed to Cézanne by Dr. Eberhard Hanfstaengl, until recently the director of the Nationalgalerie in Berlin.

9 This head of Marion, now in the Mettler Collection, St. Gall, is presumably the painting mentioned by Rivière, Vollard and Coquiot as of 1865 or thereabouts (G. Rivière: *Le Maître Paul Cézanne*, Paris, 1923, p. 196; A. Vollard: *Paul Cézanne*, Paris, 1924, p. 30; G. Coquiot: *Cézanne*, Paris, 1919, p. 18). Venturi, however, suggests 1870 as the date, apparently on stylistic grounds (L. Venturi: *op. cit.*, No. 129). But Cézanne was in Paris almost all of 1869 and the first half of 1870. The second half of 1870 he avoided the war by retiring to l'Estaque. On the other hand it is improbable that Marion's portrait could have been painted in Paris while Cézanne was there in 1869-70 since Marion spent these years at the University of Marseilles. This fact is confirmed by a letter to the writer from Dr. L. Laurent, Director of the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle at Marseilles.

Therefore, as the Marion portrait was probably painted in Aix the writer suggests a date half way between that of M. Venturi and that of the earlier writers, namely 1867 or 1868. In these years Cézanne spent much time in Aix where, as these letters testify, he saw Marion very frequently. And the technique of the picture fits Marion's description of Cézanne's portrait style of 1867: "*non plus au couteau, mais tout aussi rigoureux.*"

10 Emile Zola, *Correspondence, 1872-1902*, Paris (1929), p. 285.



PORTRAIT OF THE PHARAOH AKHENATEN, arms lifted in prayer to Aten, the sun-god, whose beneficence is indicated by slanting shafts of sunlight from above. Since purchasing this Egyptian sculpture the Gallery has learned that it is a fragment of a large bas-relief which in modern times was torn by vandals from one of the stelae, or boundary-markers, of El-Amarna, the city of Akhenaten. This stele, previously known as one of the best preserved of the set, was selected by Lepsius, in his Denkmäler aus Aegypten und Aethiopien, *as offering the most typical heads of the king and his consort, Nefertiti, in the whole gallery of their portraits. Few human beings have inspired a greater volume of romantic and pious conjecture than this sensitive sovereign, whose reign revolutionized Egyptian art and religion from 1375 to 1353 B.C.*

PORTFOLIO FOR FEBRUARY:
SCULPTURE AT BUFFALO'S ALBRIGHT GALLERY

WE PRESENT on this and the following pages a portfolio of photographs of recent additions to the notable sculpture collection at the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo. It was the belief of Gordon Washburn, the present director, on taking his position there nearly seven years ago, that this Gallery already owned the most representative collection of modern sculpture to be found in any civic museum in this country. It seemed obvious that this field of concentration, so wisely inaugurated, should not only be followed but developed to cover earlier periods as well. This line of growth recommended itself with special persuasiveness to the trustees where it appeared that the Gallery's funds were always insufficient for more than occasional use in the market of first class pictures but could be used to distinguished advantage if allocated for the purchase of sculpture. Masterpieces in sculpture did not rank in popularity with masterpieces in painting either among wealthy collectors or museums. Therefore, with funds expected to be available, objects of much greater aesthetic value could be purchased in the former (that is the less fashionable) field. Unlike specializations chosen by other small museums, this field of concentration appealed to the Gallery as broad enough in scope to be of cultural interest and educational value to all patrons of the institution, local or otherwise. No single period in art history, it was realized, could be completely illustrated, yet all periods distinguished for their sculpture might be represented by items of outstanding aesthetic importance. It is foreseen that the value of this growing collection will depend on the emphasis which is placed on the quality of the sculpture, the variety of its character, and its accessibility for comparative study and enjoyment.

SAID TO BE A PRIESTESS of the convent of Yéwé: bust portrait of carved wood discovered in 1926 n the city of Abomey (Dahomey), Africa. This head, the face of which is somewhat mutilated, is related n style to the beautiful terra-cotta heads which Frobenius found in Ifa (1910). Like them, it is an im-portant example of the classical art which once flourished in the Negro realm of Yoruba, and seems to be losely related to the earliest bronze heads of the kingdom of Benin. These relationships suggest a date no ater than the sixteenth century for this head, which, if correct, places it among the most ancient known xamples of African Negro sculpture. The argument for Egyptian influence in the Benin bronzes is trongly recalled by this sculpture. Moreover, the naturalism of this beautiful portrait reminds us that onventional and grotesque elements in many later African carvings may rightly be looked upon as prod-cts of degeneration. (Height 10 inches.)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORISETTE OF THE EHRICH STUDIOS, BUFFALO



AZTEC statuette in volcanic rock of Chalchiuhtlicue, goddess of flowing water (c.1450). Stupidity and cruelty vie for dominance in this grim image whose intensity of expression is evoked from its volumes, as austere as they are vigorous. The sculpture returns to America for the first time in more than a century, having long been prized in France by collectors of pre-columbian art. The entire body is rose colored by reason of its original coating of red ochre, the Aztec sacred color; and its empty hands must be imagined as holding standards or flags. Originally inlays of such materials as pearl, obsidian and even red coral were imbedded in the cavities of eyes, mouth, cheeks, nails and breast, the latter incision probably having symbolized the heart. Chalchiuhtlicue, like other Aztec deities, had both kindly and malevolent moods, "being not merely a cleanser but also a cause of shipwreck and watery deaths." (Height 20½ inches.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY MORISETTE OF THE EHRICH STUDIOS, BUFFALO



SUMERIAN statuette of a female worshipper, dating no later than the Early Dynastic III period (c.2800-2700 B.C.). This example of the little known sculpture of Sumeria is believed to have been found at Khafage, now recognized as the Biblical city of Opis. Although the existence of the Sumerians was unknown to the scientific world three generations ago, excavation and research have since brought us the realization that the fruits of their genius in the fields of architecture, writing, mathematics and sculpture have richly contributed to the development of our western civilizations. Unlike the Egyptian, which favors the cube as a constant and basic geometrical pattern, Sumerian sculpture, it has been noted, is born of the cylinder or cone. But a statuette such as this depends on no geometrical formula for its expression of quiet religious fervor. An inner tension of spirit—strong, serene and compelling—magnifies this eyeless alabaster figure of a Sumerian aristocrat to monumental size and dignity. (Height 14½ inches.)



"THE BULL FIGHT" (1866) BY EDOUARD MANET. PRESENTED BY MR. AND MRS. RYERSON TO THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

THE RYERSON GIFT

TO THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

BY KATE LANCASTER BREWSTER

COLLECTORS COLLECT for various reasons and for that reason in various degrees. Sometimes they start simply buying pictures they enjoy having about the house and from there advance to the loftier purpose of some day enhancing the glories of an art museum. In the first instance only personal taste need be consulted, but a careful scheme, a more definite balance, is imposed by the second.

From the beginning Mr. and Mrs. Martin A. Ryerson of Chicago combined the two objectives. They wanted pictures for themselves and they intended to give and to bequeath a distinguished, invaluable and ordered group to the Art Institute of Chicago. A walk through its galleries discloses their magnificent generosity, so gently, so modestly bestowed in every department, in every guise.

These benefactions go back more than fifty years. As vice-president and later honorary president, Mr. Ryerson aided and abetted his great friend, Charles L. Hutchinson, one of the founders of the Art Institute and its president from 1882 until his death in 1924. No two men ever worked more enthusiastically together. Their annual trips to Europe were hunting expeditions on the grand scale and their trophies ranged through the fine and applied arts. The majority of Mr. Ryerson's acquisitions went direct to the Institute's walls, enriching older collections and growing in value and importance with the years, but always something was added to his personal collection. Until Mrs. Ryerson's recent death these more intimate treasures have hung in their house on Chicago's South Side.

In the Martin A. Ryerson Memorial Bulletin of the Art Institute, printed in 1933, just after his death, Daniel Catton Rich claims for Mr. Ryerson the three requisites of the inspired collector: "feeling for a painting as a decorative object; feeling for color and color harmony; feeling for the mastery of the painter's craft, a recognition on his part, of the complete,



SEGNA DI BUONAVENTURA: "MADONNA AND CHILD WITH FOUR SAINTS." THE PANEL SHOWS THE STRONG INFLUENCE OF DUCCIO AND IS HELD TO BE THE FINEST SIENESE PAINTING OF ITS PERIOD IN CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE



Above: TONDO, "ADORATION OF THE MAGI" ATTRIBUTED TO FRANCESCO BOTTICINI. MOST CHARMING OF THE LATE FLORENTINE WORKS IN THE RYERSON GIFT. *Below:* ENLARGED DETAIL FROM THE TONDO

fully made work of art" in other words, "insistence on 'good painting.'" Great numbers of good paintings installed for many years prove the truth of this estimate and it acquires new emphasis from the forty-five pictures and small group of sculptures which now come from Mrs. Ryerson, who shared her husband's gift of sensitive appreciation and quiet delight in possessions which were truly works of art.

On the whole Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson had kept for themselves their earliest and latest pictures, giving or lending to the Art Institute those which they acquired in between. Mr. Rich notes that they seem to have avoided or passed over works of the Renaissance or the centuries immediately following and that nothing from those times is represented in the new group. It is made up entirely, with the exception of a fine Jacob de Cornelisz, *Mourning Virgin and St. John*, of Italian primitives, nineteenth-century French paintings and a few canvases by their favorite recent American painters. Each example is distinguished in its own right and a notable example of its medium and school.

There are sixteen paintings in the Italian group ranging from the early fourteenth to the early sixteenth centuries. None are by the greatest painters of the time, but all have that certain quality which makes charming the best work of the





"MOURNING VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN" BY JACOB CORNELISZ, THE ONLY FLEMISH PICTURE IN THE NEWEST PART OF THE RYERSON GIFT TO THE ART INSTITUTE

lesser masters. The tondo, *Adoration of the Magi*, attributed to Botticini, is a special example of this. The crowding figures grouped on a soaring staircase in an elaborate architectural setting have great color and vitality. It is attractive, precise and very expert. The Segna di Buonaventura, a small panel, *Enthroned Madonna with Saints*, is very close to that Sienese painter's master, Duccio, and the finest painting of its period in the Institute. Two Giotto-like panels from the fourteenth century by Jacopo di Cione and Niccolo di Pietro Cerini, the latter in its original frame, prove the persistent and touching Florentine veneration of Giotto. Each is a Madonna and Child and is endowed with angular primitive charm. Lo Spagna transcends himself in a serene *St. Catherine of Siena* with all the elegance of the Umbrian school joined to great dignity and beauty. There is a *Madonna of Humility* by Francescuccio Ghissi who died in 1436. Most delightful is the late fifteenth-century Sienese panel, *Putti*, by Francesco di Giorgio, probably a marriage painting, to judge from two coats of arms cropped at either side of the panel. It suggests an engaging version of *Sacred and Profane Love* in terms of plump cupids instead of languorous ladies.

Other Italian pictures are a Utile da Faenza, *Madonna and Child*, a *Crucifixion* by Allegretto Nuzi, a Francia, a Mainardi, an Andrea di Bartolo di Fredi, a Vincenzo Foppa and a *Madonna and Child* of the School of Botticelli, finely conceived and executed, far better than the usual school piece. All these, Florentine, Sienese and Umbrian, have definite importance as fillers and accents to the ample Italian section of the museum,

and each, in its way, is notable and individual. At a time when early Italian paintings are practically unattainable they are all the more to be treasured.

Inevitably, since Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson were the collectors, the group is luminous with painting of the nineteenth-century French schools. Beginning with an impeccable little Corot, *View of Genoa*, painted in 1834, Manet, Renoir, Degas, Cézanne and half a dozen others of that great period strike high notes. There are four Renoirs: *Young Woman in Pink*, *Young Woman Seated*, a *Portrait of the Artist's Son*, *Jean*, and finally *At the Piano*. This was painted in 1879 when Renoir was at the height of his impressionism. The blue white of the piano player's dress moves vividly across the canvas, the rest is still and sombre. The other pictures are later and, to my mind, less beautiful and important, but they augment the representative assemblage of Renoir's work which is a special pride of the Art Institute and make possible, according to Mr. Rich "installation of an almost complete gallery of the master's work . . . unique among public collections."

There are three Degas, *La Toilette*, a pastel, vigorous, highly colored, done after the artist had given up the use of oil. The others are *Dancers* and *Dancers in the Wings*, both pastels and both early with the transparent beauty of their period. In this group *La Töilette* is the significant acquisition, since the Institute had no other example of its period. It could have no better one, characteristically rich and sculptural as it is.

The two Manets are beautiful in themselves and of their kinds. The portrait, *Young Woman in a Round Hat*, (1879), is one of those engaging likenesses which the artist seemed to draw with such careless fervor and which make every woman wish he were alive to paint her. No one so struck that fortunate balance between truth and beauty as Manet in these swift portraits. The second is a small, lively *Bull Fight* painted in 1866 after his return from Spain, easy, attractive and full of the artist's special genius. They perfectly fill the gaps in the museum's Manet group.

Cézanne is represented by two small but completely distinguished works, the *House of Doctor Gachet* at Auvers and the *Pistachio Tree at the Chateau Noir*. The first is an oil—its blue sky, green trees, red roofs so usual in themselves but transmuted into something so completely unusual by Cézanne's painting of them. *Pistachio Tree* is a water color with little color. The tree makes its own pattern, baroque, restless and vigorous in its unelaborated energy. This is the first example of Cézanne's work of 1895-1900 to come to the museum, hence it assumes double importance.

That Albert André was a great favorite of Mr. Ryerson's has long been evident. Many of his pictures already hang in the Institute's collection and three more are now added. *By the Sea* is particularly likable and the artist is at his best in it. The others, *Woman at a Window* and *Woman at Easel* are less charming.

Mr. Ryerson's belief in the beauty of fine painting is shown by his possession of two works of Alfred Stevens, that meticulous Belgian artist who endowed with esthetic value subjects which any other painter would have made sentimental and fashion platish. One has hung in the museum for some time; the other, *The Widow*, is in the new group. A figure in



WINSLOW HOMER: "THE HERRING NET" (1885), MOST IMPORTANT AMERICAN PICTURE IN THE RYERSON GIFT AND A VALUABLE ADJUNCT TO THE INSTITUTE'S HOMER WATER COLORS. A SKETCH FOR THIS OIL WAS REPRODUCED ON THE COVER OF OUR OCTOBER, 1936, NUMBER



"PISTACHIO TREE AT THE CHATEAU NOIR," WATER COLOR BY CEZANNE, CHARACTERIZED AS A POWERFUL LATE WORK (1895-1900)

voluminous black reclines on a tufted red velvet sofa, so sadly, so sweetly but so magnificently that the painter proves again his place among great artists.

Pissarro and Jongkind are represented by small water colors; and Lépine, a "find" of the Ryerson's of whom they never tired, claims his place with a little painting, *La Cour d'une Maison*, in quiet colors and with a Dutch quality in idea and surface. There are also a Monet, *Poplars at Giverny*, and a Puvis de Chavannes, *Autumn*.

Of the few American paintings included in the bequest, the most important is Winslow Homer's *The Herring Net*. It is large and grand with that three dimensional quality of a wide, unquiet sea, always changing and always the same, which Homer knew best how to record. The heavy net is studded with iridescent fish and the fishermen bend strongly to their task. The picture augments the large collection of particularly fine Homer water colors which Mr. Ryerson had already given to the Art Institute and takes its place among the museum's treasures.

Arthur B. Davies was another of the few American painters particularly loved by Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson. To the large group they had already given three or four more have been added, all most expressive of the artist's beauty of concept and color. The largest is *Our River Hudson*, painted in 1903, which, Mr. Rich points out, possesses a certain folk art quality recalling delicately the heavier presentations of the Hudson River School. Whatever Davies' idea in painting it, it is a singularly gracious canvas. The others are less important but lovely in the sense that all good Davies are lovely. No adequate study can be made of this painter's work without a visit to the Art Institute of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson have seen to that.



ARTHUR B. DAVIES: "OUR RIVER HUDSON" (1903), ONE OF THE MANY DAVIES IN THE RYERSON COLLECTION. DAVIES, AS A MEMBER OF "THE EIGHT," WAS REPRESENTED IN THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION OF THAT REVOLUTIONARY GROUP DURING ALL OF JANUARY

Twachtman is shown in an intricate, pale canvas, *The White Bridge*, characteristic and, in its way, very beautiful. It sparkles with white light in a sort of nostalgic impressionism; *The River* by Kenneth Hayes Miller reflects a kindred quality. More decisive is *On the Ganges*, a fine, upstanding oil sketch by Maurice Sterne.

Various sculptures in stone and wood are included in the new accessions. They are works by lesser early artists, all decorative and interesting. They are now being studied for attribution to period and school. They prove again Mr. Ryerson's flair for getting what pleased him whether or not it bore a distinguished label. He knew well what he liked and whatever he liked bore the stamp of quality.

THIS COMPLETES the list of works of art which have come from the Ryerson's house to take their places among their peers. To those who knew Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson it is a touching and impressive group, for it reflects so exactly what they loved enough to keep always with them. They were not the kind of people who hang pictures on their walls and then forget they are there. Each day they saw them freshly and with fresh interest. All their great collections were personal in the sense that they sought out and chose each smallest item, their own reactions and emotions being the final criteria; but these things they kept around them were their private choice, less grandiose than some they sent earlier to the Art Institute but each giving to them some intimate pleasure.

When five years ago Mr. Ryerson died, the late Robert B. Harshe, then Director of the Chicago Art Institute, pronounced his eulogy: "As the collection grew," he said, "it became a more and more coherent unity. I do not know that the collection was designed originally as a background for the general group of paintings belonging to the Art Institute, but as time went on Mr. Ryerson must have had this in mind. In no other way could we account for its non-duplicative character or its breadth. . . . There is no department in the Art Institute which has not been enriched by this most generous donor. . . . No words can compass our admiration and affection. But praise meant little to Martin Ryerson . . . gentle of voice and act, he moved through life with quiet courtesy. Never shall we see his like again." All this could as well be said of Mrs. Ryerson. In quiet enthusiasm, in the faith in their conception of beauty and in the knowledge which justified that faith, they were one.

Their benefactions have brought a great art museum to greater completeness and new generations will so remember their name. Fairer and richer remembrance is bequeathed to those who knew the spirit which animated their benefactions.

SEEING THE SHOWS

IN NEW YORK: *Reviews by* HOWARD DEVREE, AND HELEN APPLETON READ. · · · IN CHICAGO: *Review by* J. & M. THWAITES

THE EIGHT

AFTER THE customary doldrums of the holiday period, the New York art season took up again with a rush, several unusual one-man shows elbowing each other and frequently stealing the limelight from group exhibitions. Gifford Beal, John Carroll, "The Eight" of thirty years ago, and several of the younger water colorists entered the lists—for the most part successfully—as American champions, while the shows of work by European modernists raged on on all sides, most of it covering pretty familiar ground.

Gallery goers owe a vote of thanks to Robert Macbeth for the glance backward with which he started forward in the new year. A generation after the first—and last—show by "The Eight," the Macbeth Galleries again brought together work by those erstwhile rebels: Davies, Glackens, Henri, Lawson, Luks, Prendergast, Shinn and Sloan. Many of the canvases of the original exhibition are now in museums and other collections; and, for those who think of art as a dubious investment, it might be pointed out that pictures by all eight might have been then obtained for the price of one work by some of these artists today.

Four of the original works reappeared: two of Prendergast's striking spottings of color pattern, Sloan's *Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street* with its foreground figure of a woman "rushing the growler" and Glackens' *Coasting, Central Park*, an open composition of a decade earlier. Contrasts afforded by the pictures, such as the Lawson nocturne and his winter piece, or the Glackens work referred to and one of his warmly toned flower pieces of last year, proved illuminating in evaluating an era in the progress of American art. Luks' spirited portrait of Henri, and Henri's large and genial portrait of Luks, still make most of the portrait painters working today look to their laurels.

BEAL AND CARROLL

GIFFORD BEAL in his show at Kraushaar's has emulated Caesar's Gaul in subject matter. One group of pictures belongs to a decorative fantasy group: carnival scenes and stage sets. A second part of the work includes fishermen and other 'long shore folk: strongly drafted and vigorous work with figures of substance and in at least one instance a beautifully realized sea—a smother of white in the foreground and a comber with body curling to break. But the third part contains the pick of the recent work: circus stuff with the feel and the light and the air and the shifting mobile formations of the world under canvas. In all of the pictures, to be sure, there is an earnest and careful approach and there is always a sensitiveness of paint quality. There are lovely passages of light or color or both in most of the canvases, even if a certain obviousness or overbalance occasionally obtrudes. Occasionally, too, as in *Morning Ride*, one feels the artist a confessedly unashamed romantic singing his ballad of the open air and of the sheer delight of physical sensation. In *Circus Night* and *Horse Tent* Beal has come closest to a synthesis of his powers and makes some of his most completely satisfactory reports.



ROBERT HENRI'S PORTRAIT OF GEORGE LUKS, IN WHICH ONE MEMBER OF "THE EIGHT" DEPICTS ANOTHER. THE PICTURE WAS INCLUDED IN THE JANUARY EXHIBITION AT MACBETH GALLERY THIRTY YEARS AFTER



DERAIN'S "PORTRAIT" IS ONE OF THE MODERN FRENCH PAINTINGS TO BE EXHIBITED IN GROUP SHOW AT FRENCH ART GALLERIES, NEW YORK

Without detracting from the individual and undeniable gifts of John Carroll, I must nevertheless plead guilty to heresy about that artist. His graceful swirling fancifulness does not convince me in most of his pictures that it is anything more than elaborated prettiness of paint surfaces in decorative patterns, a less flatly stiff Laurencinish fantasia, slightly enervating and decadent in spirit. Only in some of his little portraits and drawings, and in such an oil as the *Blacksmith*, where his folk gather substance and the artist has been at pains to record the impression of salty rough-and-ready wit passing about—only here does Carroll really sway me and convince me of his comprehension. In some of the larger canvases, particularly, thinness threatens to over-reach the ever present charm.

WOMEN AND WATER COLORS

THE BIG annual exhibition of painting and sculpture by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors turned up for 1938 perhaps a higher than average level of competence without any overwhelmingly exciting items on the walls of the Fine Arts Building galleries. The prevailing note was decorative, even in the portraits, while force and strength and originality were not too well served. Portraits by Lois Williams, Emma Fordyce MacRae, Agnes Richmond, Isabel Cartwright, and Reyna Youngerman; landscapes by Charlotte Lermont and Carolyn Bradley; and a typical still-life by Florence Proctor, together with some of the water-colors, might well be singled out.

Water colors, incidentally, have been one of the bright veins productive of considerable good ore this season. The blight of large papers, much dry-brush and a resultant use of black and indigo to hold papers together has been less in evidence. Vera Andrus has been showing progress in her staunchly constructed papers of Gaspé at Hudson Walker's (supplemented by some striking light-toned lithographs). Stanley Herring proved expert with figures and cotton picking scenes at the Montross, Charles Hopkinson abandoned portraits in oil for light free sketchy water colors in his show at the Ferargil. And a first show of very promising work in the medium by Bernard Murray, at Georgette Passedoit's, proved another pleasant spot in the early showings.

OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS

LE COQ D'OR of New York's art world surmounts the Hecksher Building at that central Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street corner. Last year at the time of the surrealist show at the Museum of Modern Art there was a rumor that this aerial guardian of gallerydom had been restrained from flying away only with great difficulty. Recently, when Julien Levy showed simultaneously the rather banal paintings by René Magritte and oils and drawings by Bernard Sanders in a group called "psycopathic ward," the rumor was revived. Harried gallery visitors emerged into Fifty-Seventh Street after a glimpse of blazing giraffes, tight-rope walking kewpies exuding black fur, fingers replacing chimneys in ruined industrial plants, and pincushions and jigsaw work on a lonely beach. What wonder that their anxious eyes turned upward to see if the art world's golden cockerel was spreading wings for flight?

Valentine's January show included brightly empty abstractions of the decorative order by Jean Helion, a group of well selected gouaches by Rouault, and a selected group of fifteen paintings by well-known French artists—among these pictures being the best example I have seen by that irritating man Soutine. This was *A La Barrière*, in which the figure of a woman, between a brick-and-mortar wall and a green board fence, is impressively presented.

But what really earns Valentine a vote of thanks for the year is the Maillol bronze *Venus* (1928), not previously shown in this country. It is a magnificent conception—an earth-woman type, the legs and torso heavier and more weighted to the ground than is usually true in Maillol's work but with much implicit grace: witness the lines from throat to shoulder and from knees upward along the thighs. It is a gracious work—strong, natural, lovely.

In the deluge of shows by modern foreign artists Carl Nierendorf came forward with paintings by three masters of the Bauhaus—Feininger, represented by an architectural planes-of-light canvas, one of his more striking works. Kandinsky's early landscape in sketchy abstractionist manner, companioned by a late piece purely abstract, revealed the travail of twenty years. And Klee's compositions ranged from a brush-point mosaic pattern to swirlingly musical compositions in beautiful color-rhythms.

Other exotics of the month included Boris Grigoriev at Lilienfeld's, a Russian artist with a somewhat French attack in very bright color in high-keyed canvases and gouaches of South American subjects: a peculiar enough mixture added to by the suggestion of Japanese prints in the composition of some of the gouaches of Brazilian beaches and islands.

The Reinhardt Galleries introduced to the New York art world a show of oils and oil-and-tempera works by the Spanish

artist, Hipolito Hidalgo de Caviedes, whose *Elvira and Tiberio*, you may learn by checking back through the files, was awarded first prize at the Carnegie International in 1935. A sketch for that prize winner, now the property of the San Diego Art Museum, was in the Reinhardt show, along with decorative still-lifes, a model resting and a nude with flowers in her hair, together with several decorative portraits. This Spanish artist has a considerable lyrical talent and a nice sense of color arrangement; but his is pleasing work rather than art of any impact.

During January the French Galleries brought forward oils by Lucien Adrion, whose glimpses of Monte Carlo, the Longchamps track, the Tuilleries, the vistaed distances through bridge arches are gay and picturesquely Gallic. There is movement in his crowds, there are light and distance in his landscapes. It is cheerful stuff, almost water color in its manner and with curious occasional suggestions of Sisley in the construction and in the use of blues.

Part of the French paintings from the Dikran Kelekian Collection have been on view at Marie Harriman's. Delacroix's *Hercules Bringing Back Alcestis from Hades*, and a Corot of Chateau-Thierry, and a small and pleasant Renoir idyl were interspersed among two Degas pastels of dancers (one especially striking) and an arresting portrait of Cipa Godewski, by Lautrec, flower pieces by Bonnard and Vuillard, a brutal *Seated Woman* by Rouault and one of the same artist's better Clowns. A Derain *Head of Woman* and a small swashy landscape, a Daumier *Head of a Man* and a figure drawing by Picasso were other items.

The Perls Galleries continue their shows of French paintings "for the young collector": water colors, pastels and small canvases by Utrillo, Bombois, Laurencin, and—an arresting exception in the last show—a Gauguin *Peasant* of 1888-9: a sturdy figure silhouetted against a background, part of which is an unholy red.—HOWARD DEVREE.

ARCHIPENKO'S RECENT WORK AT THE KUH GALLERY, CHICAGO

THE THIRTY pieces of this Archipenko show are the last years' work of one of the masters of modern art. Along with the Cubists, Lipschitz, Laurens and Zadkine and with Brancusi you may place Archipenko at the start of modern sculpture, as Maillol, Despiau, Lehmbruck are at the end, magnificent but still at the end, of the sculpture of tradition. The early photographs here show Archipenko to have been the most sculptural and fertile of the Cubists. He never echoed the painters' rhythms in his work. Of all, he best absorbed the new forms of the machine. And through his concaves and his piercing of the block he made space positive without losing that mass feeling which is the feeling of sculpture.

Still, then, in these latest things there are forms out of Cubism. *Double Figure* is made on variations of the triangle form, in a bust, in hips and skirt and, to carry back, a plane under bent knees. Archipenko works out his geometry in human bodies as the Wei sculptors do. So in *Torso in Space* you sense both space and body's torsion and in *Seated Figure* the same. This thing he does best in the marble *Sitting Figure*, one-armed and with crossed legs cut. He carves out the little torso in roll-



GIFFORD BEAL'S "THE HORSE TENT" IS AMONG HIS RECENT PICTURES INCLUDED IN THE IMPRESSIVE ONE-MAN EXHIBITION AT KRAUSHAAR'S



ARCHIPENKO: "FORM OF DIGNITY," TERRA COTTA. ONE OF THE RECENT PIECES IN HIS SHOW AT THE KUH GALLERY, CHICAGO



MAILLOL'S "VENUS" (1928) IMPRESSED CRITICS AND PUBLIC ALIKE WHEN SHOWN AT THE VALENTINE GALLERY LAST MONTH

ing curves, shoulder, breasts and thigh from the rough stone. Then he cuts the acute accents of the legs and arm. And he encloses all in a half-moon curve up to a tiny head.

Some others such as *Green Torso* have another thing in them. Archipenko makes this armless figure from a concave spiral form which rounds to convex for the head and thigh. On this

sculptural base he builds up in textures. There are strips like wattle for the hair and waist. A pecked surface gives the hollow of the neck and breast. The highlights are bronze, green-daubed. And at last this simple form grows into a leaning figure with more human feeling than any "realist" could give. The tall *Form of Dignity*, on the contrary, has a form as complex as a flame and rather like one, given the appearance of simplicity, however. It is a terracotta that looks, as it is, almost as hard as stone. The right leg runs up in a spiral out of the curving side. Swelling forms repeat quicker and sharper through knees, hips and bust into the blunt lance of a head. The figure holds together in planes which radiate out to the knee, down to a foot and upwards to the hip, subtle as they come out of the clay. The incised line has not been better used since T'ang.

It is good in so large a show that you can see the artist's weaker side. And here one does find smaller pieces that are soft and unsculptural. Simplification fails, so that an arm is flipperlike and inept, figures are as fluid and formless as Hindu sculptures. Compared with the early *Sitting Woman* shown, there is an almost antisculptural trend. It shows in only one larger work, the *Josephine Bonaparte*. In this the elegance of the diagonal comes altogether from the streaks of polychrome. The material might be a papier maché shell. A great deal depends on whether Archipenko follows in his next work the *Green Torso* and *Dignity*, or the *Josephine*.—J. & M. THWAITES.

MAX BECKMANN'S LATEST

THE WORK of Max Beckmann, the German modernist, is well known to art lovers who count contemporary German painting among their enthusiasms. But for those who have not made annual trips to the Carnegie International, where it has been possible to trace his development, the one-man show which was held at the Buchholz Galleries during January offered the first opportunity for seeing his recent work. Because as many as ten of the canvases shown were painted within the last two years, the others a year or two earlier, the exhibition provided an answer to a hypothetical question asked by Mr. Alfred Barr in his foreword to the catalog of the Modern German Art Exhibition held at the Modern Museum in 1931, in which Max Beckmann was represented with eight canvases. The question referred to reads: "Whether the genuine greatness of his personality will be realized in his paintings so that he will take his place among the half dozen foremost modern artists is a question which the next few years should answer."

If a more disciplined composition without loss of emotional intensity—if a less insistent manner without a jeopardizing of personal style are evidence of growth and a realization of personality, then the answer to Mr. Barr's question should be, "Yes, Max Beckmann can be said to take his place beside those half dozen artists who are accorded international recognition." The fact that at the time of the Beckmann show there were current some half dozen exhibitions featuring the latest



HIPOLITO HIDALGO DE CAVIEDES, FORMER CARNEGIE PRIZE-WINNER, INCLUDED "MODEL'S REST" IN HIS ONE-MAN AT REINHARDT GALLERIES

works of the School of Paris makes such an affirmation all the more convincing.

Portraits, figure compositions, landscapes and an impressive six foot tryptichon were included in the exhibition. With the exception of the tryptichon wings Beckmann has abandoned the distorted violent subjects of the post war years. He has come through this period of bitterness and frustration and has apparently found spiritual release which his more ordered if no less compelling compositions reflect.

But despite this spiritual adjustment Beckmann continues to be interested primarily in presenting an emotion or an idea. Although he came to expressionism through impressionism and then only after it was a recognized school, he is more truly an expressionist in the traditional use of the word than were those masters of The Brucke who were responsible for introducing the term into the glossary of modern art. In his earlier canvases insistence upon a method which came close to being a formula tended to obstruct his idea. Today he has become so sure a master of his medium that the idea is conveyed without calling attention to the means.

The tryptichon which is the most important canvas in the exhibition and the high water mark of his achievement is a confession of faith—a summing up of his philosophy of life. The crowded grotesque design of the wings symbolizes the confusion and despair of a disordered world. Here Beckmann resorts to his early manner. Convulsed or mask-like faces, twisted and contorted bodies, curious creatures of the underworld and the circus are woven together into violent intricate patterns in which the forms are outlined with heavy black lines. The goblins and monsters which the medieval mind invented to punish sinful humanity have in this instance been transformed into the maladjustments and frustrations with which modern society inflicts its members.

The center panel symbolizes the serenity and peace of the world beyond and as such is sharply contrasted with the two wings both in color and design. In place of a confused, violent pattern an effect of serenity and monumentality is achieved—in place of dark ominous tones a high-keyed palette prevails. The symbolism, although obscure, is imaginative and deeply moving. A tall crowned figure is represented standing in a small fishing boat in which a fisherman is pulling a net filled with fish from the sea. The crowned figure compels the beholder to follow his gaze across an endless expanse of bright blue sea.

In this tryptichon Beckmann again affirms his Gothic inheritance. His paintings frequently seem to derive from some deep seated, atavistic folk fantasy. In its daemonic "*Walpurgisnacht*" quality his work has affinities with Hans Baldung and in its violence it suggests the Calvaries of a Cranach or a Maleszkircher. His linear patterns hark back to the sixteenth-century German wood cuts and his line, which does more than outline forms and has an emotional quality of its own, is only another manifestation of an inherited tradition.

—HELEN APPLETON READ.



MAX BECKMANN'S TRYPTICHON, "DEPARTURE" (1932-5), AT THE BUCHHOLZ GALLERY, MARKS A NEW TREND IN HIS DEVELOPMENT



Walking Horse, Wooden Model for an Equestrian Statue. Recently given to the Detroit Institute of Arts by Mr. and Mrs. Edsel B. Ford. The piece, not yet definitely attributed, is held to be "in style, nearest to Donatello." In the Exhibition of Italian Sculpture

ACTIVITY

NEWS OF THE SEVERAL ARTS AND OF FEDERATION CHAPTERS

Italian Sculpture at Detroit

AN EXTRAORDINARY opportunity to see the development of Italian sculpture through two and a half centuries of its most interesting transition period is offered by the Detroit Institute of Arts, in an exhibition of Italian Sculpture from 1250 to 1500. The one hundred pieces shown illustrate almost all the important Gothic and Early Renaissance sculptors, such as Nicola Pisano, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca della Robbia, Verrocchio, Antonio Rizzo and Amadeo.

Mr. E. P. Richardson, Assistant Director, writing in the Institute's *Bulletin*, stresses the importance for contemporary minds of these exhibits of the art of the past. In the arts, he points out, no new achievement cancels an old one, each work of genius is and remains unique, irreplaceable and always fresh for each coming generation.

Italian Gothic sculpture has been so little studied that Americans, who are as familiar with sculpture of the northern Gothic cathedrals as with Michelangelo, hardly know that it exists. In the past forty years much Italian sculpture has come to this country, but there has hitherto been no exhibit to bring together objects from museums and widely scattered private collections.

Notable among those who have made this possible are Dr. Preston P. Satterwhite, the J. P. Morgan Collection, Mrs. Herbert L. Straus, Mrs. Henry Goldman, Mr. Samuel H. Kress, Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hyde, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mr. Henry Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kanzler, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Whitcomb, Mrs. Lillian Henkel Haas and Mrs. Ralph Booth.

The exhibition will be open until February 20.

Robert B. Harshe

NEWS THAT Robert B. Harshe, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago, had died of a heart attack at his Chicago home on the morning of January 11 came as a great shock to the art world. His loss will be keenly felt.

Mr. Harshe had been Director since 1921. Under his guidance the Institute had greatly enlarged its buildings, built up a department of painting that rivalled the great collections of the world, broadened the scope of its educational program,



Robert B. Harshe. 1879-1938

and succeeded in weathering the depression with an increase rather than curtailment of its services to the public.

Mr. Harshe came to the Institute from the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, where he was Assistant Director of Fine Arts from 1916 to 1920. A native of Salisbury, Missouri, he was graduated from the University of Missouri in 1899. Later he studied at Columbia University, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Art Students League in New York, at Colarossi's Academy in Paris and the Central School of Arts and Crafts in London. He received honorary doctorates from Northwestern University, the University of Nebraska and Yale University.

Although Mr. Harshe had refused to exhibit since his connection with museum work, he was a painter and etcher. His works are in the Los Angeles and Brooklyn Museums and in the Luxembourg Museum, Paris. He was the author of a *Reader's Guide to Modern Art* and *Prints and Their Makers.* He was affiliated with most of the important art organizations and served on a number of boards and committees, including the Advisory Committee for the Federal Art Project.

Artist, author, critic and administrator, Mr. Harshe had many significant achievements to his credit.

Collectors of American Art, Inc.

THE COLLECTORS of American Art, Inc., a non-profit organization newly formed by a group of New York art lovers, is announced as basically a revival of the idea of the American Art Union, which flourished almost a century ago. The Union, however, ran afoul of the New York lottery laws and met an untimely end at the height of its success. While we understand that New York lottery laws are still stringent, the Collectors of American Art will distribute at least a five-dollar print to each member, thereby avoiding the taint of gambling. Its aim to promote extensive private ownership of contemporary American art is excellent and we only hope the Collectors will be as successful as they should be.

The incorporators of Collectors of American Art, which has headquarters at 38 West 57 Street, New York, are: Miss Emily Francis, head of the new organization, Herbert B. Tschudy, Mrs. M. B. Sinclaire, George H. Fitch, Dr. Alice I. Bryan, G. M. D. Peltz 3rd, and Kenneth Howell. The following have since joined the original group: Robert W. Macbeth, Peyton Boswell, Jr., Frank D. Fackenthal, Robert M. McDonald, Lee Ault, J. Hamilton Coulter, Miss Olive M. Lyford, Miss Grace Mayer, and Mrs. Martin Frisch.

The plan is to solicit five-dollar memberships with which to build up a purchase fund to buy works of American artists. Monthly exhibitions will be held and purchases from these exhibitions allocated to members at the annual meeting in May. Any American artist may submit work.

Artists' Market

THE DETROIT Artists' Market, a non-profit venture started six years ago to help the younger artists, has a unique jury system. All work submitted by artists under thirty years of age is first passed on by a lay jury of thirty members, described as "representing the taste of the trained buying public." Work rejected by this jury, however, has another chance. It is turned over to a professional group composed of faculty members from local universities and art institutions.



Degas: "The Ballet Class," another recent addition to Wilstach Collection, currently on view at Pennsylvania Museum of Art

Last year older artists asked for a chance to participate, and the name of the organization was changed from the Young Artists' Market to its present title. A special jury of seven headed by Robert H. Tannahill, passes on the work of artists over thirty. General exhibitions are held twice a month, and several one-man shows given during the year.

Among the artists actively interested are John Carroll, John Pappas, Michael Ursulescu, David Fredenthal, Harry Glassgold and Georgia Calder.

"*A Great Artist, Very Distinguished*"

MAURICE RAVEL, the French composer who died just before the New Year, was perhaps best known here for his composition, *Bolero*, a concert favorite since its introduction by Toscanini some years ago. However charming this brief and enticing musical bit, it gives little indication of the stature of Ravel as a musician, for although his forte was undoubtedly the weaving of tone pattern, often from slight material, he had great knowledge of instrumentation and composed, besides piano pieces and chamber music, a number of works for orchestra, such as *Daphnis and Chloe*, *Le Tombeau de Couperin* (originally a set of piano pieces and later orchestrated), a number of strongly colored compositions of Spanish theme or inspiration, and an orchestration of Moussourgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* (at the request of Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Orchestra).

Mr. Olin Downes, in the New York *Times*, speaks of Ravel as follows: "By immense industry and sheer mastery of his medium, Ravel gradually won his distinguished position in French music. He was a very hard worker and an extremely fastidious one. . . . He was born an artist, but not one with a powerful creative gift, nor was he ever the man to lead a cause or project a new kind of music. These things were not for him. He had to make something significant out of small and insignificant material, and he did so. He was thus a great artist, very distinguished."

We glean from Mr. Downes and from Mme. Eva Gauthier, who was a personal friend, that he was a lonely and solitary figure in the Paris of his day, a man of the world and yet apart from it. He was delicate in physique and fastidious in his tastes, living a bachelor existence forty miles from Paris, on a hillside at Montfort l'Amaury, where he "cultivated strange plants . . . fondled Siamese cats . . . was bullied by a devoted housekeeper."

Seeming Slightness

CURIOUSLY, ANOTHER artist big in small things and very distinguished came in for comment recently, although the merits of his work seem hardly to be a current issue. In a foreword to the catalogue for his lovely exhibition of pastels and water colors by Whistler, Carroll Carstairs takes exception to Frank Jewett Mather's damning the master with faint praise. He



"Distribution of the American Art-Union Prizes" at the Tabernacle, New York, 1847. From a print in the collection of the Museum of the City of New York. Such activities of the Union were stopped by New York lottery laws, yet from ashes cold more than a century now rises Collectors of American Art, Inc., which avoids the Law by giving each member at least a five-dollar print—and perhaps a great deal more



Above: Bernard Karfiol's "Christina" was recently purchased by the Art Department of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Right: Emma Fordyce MacRae's "Italian Girl" was among the pictures in the annual showing of the National Association of Woman Painters and Sculptors, New York

calls Mather's comment, that Whistler did a small thing amazingly well, a patronizing pat on the back. In praising "seeming slightness" Carstairs speaks of Ravel once working four years on a violin and piano sonata, three of which were spent in taking out the notes that were not necessary; and of Whistler spending a lifetime learning how never to put in anything unnecessary.

Candid Camera Field Day

A NOVEL idea was carried out recently when the Minneapolis Institute of Arts opened its doors to candid camera addicts for four days, allowing them to take pictures of the permanent collections. This is the first time, so far as is known, that this type of photography has been permitted in an art museum. The Institute felt the photographs might be not only interesting in themselves, but as a contrast to typical institutional photography.

And we feel sure the visitors had a very good time.

American Biennial Jury, Richmond

EDWARD HOPPER is to be Chairman of the Jury for the First Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Paintings, to be held at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, March 12 to April 23, as previously announced in the November issue of the Magazine. The other members of the Jury will be Daniel Garber, Charles Hopkinson, John Carroll and Bernard Karfiol.

The Museum has announced that every Virginia artist whose work is selected by the Jury for this Exhibition will be given a one-man show at the Museum during 1938-39—a policy on which they are to be congratulated.

Friedsam Medal to Bruce

EDWARD BRUCE, well known artist and chief of the Treasury Department Section of Painting and Sculpture, was awarded the Michael Friedsam medal for "outstanding achievement in promoting the fine and decorative arts in the United States."

Mr. Bruce's work as instigator and organizer of the Treasury Department Art Projects and his efforts in behalf of American artists are too widely known to require further comment.

The Artists Choose Their Books

TO ALL who have read Thomas Benton's *An Artist in America* and seen his sketches of life along the Mississippi it will be no surprise that he has chosen to illustrate Mark Twain's *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* for the Limited Editions Club. Equally happy choices seem to have been made by the other four artists who won fellowships. Henry Varnum Poor has chosen to illustrate *Ethan Frome* by Edith Wharton, Reginald Marsh *Sister Carrie* by Theodore Dreiser and John Steuart Curry *The Prairie* by James Fenimore Cooper. We await the results eagerly.



Salzburg Festival Plans for the Coming Season

TO TAKE care of the increasing number of foreign visitors coming to the Salzburg Festival each season the Festspielhaus has been enlarged to twice its original size.

The Festival will open this season on July 23 when the Vienna State Opera will give Mozart's *Magic Flute* with Toscanini conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Of the ten operas to be presented, Toscanini will conduct five, Bruno Walter four, and Hans Knappertsbusch one. Toscanini

(*Continued on page 113*)

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ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

Reviewed by Carl Purington Rollins

IN MANY ways the most noteworthy illustrated book recently produced in America is the elaborate reproduction of Audubon's great work on the birds of North America. If this were the year 1838, such a book would inevitably demand the serious and prolonged scrutiny of any magazine of art, for, despite stoutly held differences of opinion as to Audubon's method of handling his subject, his work was of first-rate importance. It still is, and the fortunate possessors of his immense elephant folio plates do and should treasure them. Those plates represent not only skilful draughtsmanship, but a prodigious amount of labor in the engravings. The present reprint, valuable in itself because of making the plates available to a great number of bird lovers, represents to our day mainly a great feat in the technical reproduction of pictures, and not a great illustrated book.

Technical success does not necessarily damn a book. Reproductions of photographs represent skilful handling of two techniques, both mechanical,—the camera and the printing process. But photography in the hands of sensitive, perceptive persons, has acquired a command of composition which lifts its results quite above those of mere shutter-snapping. Of the recent collections of camera impressions, one of the most interesting is Jerome Hill's *Trip to Greece*.

Fifty appreciative views of Greece, including land and water, buildings and people, each picture nearly a foot square, have been reproduced in half-tone. A surprising amount of the airy, sunshiny quality of Greece is retained in the black and white plates. The open, unshaded coast-line stands forth in all its nakedness and all its allurement, with the steep bare hills coming down abruptly to the sea. In such pictures the camera justifies itself; color only is lacking.

As presented by its designer, Merle Armitage, the book is ugly because of its shape, or rather because of the disposition of the shape. A square book is not a happy one, but to arrange it to open like a stenographer's note-book is to provoke the reader to madness. Inasmuch as the pictures are square, it would have been quite sufficient to accept that limitation, and to plan the binding to allow of the normal way of opening.

Another travel book of pictures, Mr. Covarrubias's *Island of Bali* is of a different sort, even though it pictures the island partly by photography. The author went to Bali some years ago, was fascinated by the island life, and in 1932 returned there on a Guggenheim fellowship to make a more intensive study. A sympathetic visitor, he has embodied his impressions and studies in a book which well may become, as its publisher suggests, a classic treatise on the Balinese people.

Mr. Covarrubias is a Mexican, for some time domiciled in this country. His paintings have partaken somewhat of the unfamiliar quality to be seen in the paintings of other Mexicans who have come across the border; seeming a little (sometimes a good deal) out of harmony with our dominant culture. More precisely, I have always found it necessary to discount their strangeness before I could begin to enjoy them . . . which I think is not the happiest way to approach pictures. In his pictures of Bali Mr. Covarrubias's special qualities as a draughtsman, his exotic technique, find scope and add considerably to the effectiveness of his work. The greater part of his illustrations are in line, done with great surety and style. All phases of Balinese life are pictured—buildings, crafts, decorative designs, occasional copies from Balinese drawing, as well as the people and their activities. In addition there are five paintings reproduced in full color, sensitive and very fine renderings.

To complete an unusual book, an "album" of over a hundred photographs taken on the island by Rose Covarrubias is included, admirably selected and well reproduced. A highly stylized but graphic map of the island forms the frontispiece. Altogether the volume forms an unusually pleasant picture of one of the last outposts of simple life, a picture which is enhanced by the thorough word-picture which forms the groundwork of the book.

The recent season has not been prolific in illustrated books, and the two which remain to be noticed are classed as children's books. Because of their inherent interest to adults I include them here. One is *The White Stag*, written and illustrated by Kate Seredy. If not outstanding either in conception or execution, it is a highly creditable piece of work. The story is that of Attila, the "scourge of God," and the pictures which accompany the story are full of action. They are done in wash, and the two double-page drawings are especially effective.

The other volume is Hendrik van Loon's *Christmas Carols*, and I like that book very much indeed. Twenty of the better known carols are printed, with music, in a large quarto volume. Accompanying the songs are many pictures by Mr. van Loon. Now Mr. van Loon is not, in the usual acceptance of that term, an artist. That is, he is not a professional, but an amateur. He rather scratches at the paper than draws on it. And his earliest work in this manner was pretty far from being all that might be desired. In his *Christmas Carols* he has gone far ahead of any previous work as an illustrator, and he has reached what seems to me after all to be a most desirable goal of life—he has become the very accomplished amateur. His drawings have imagination and spirit, and they have, in a pattern which he has made his own, feeling and charm. They are enjoyable pictures, and the fact that they are almost diagrammatic—that anatomy is merely suggested usually—that the use of red and black as the only two colors is almost too simple—only makes them more interesting. I consider

this book one of the most interesting of recent illustrated books because it falls into no definite class, but is a satisfactory expression of one individual's idea of what pictures for such a book ought to be.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Birds of America, by J. J. Audubon. New York: Macmillan. Price $12.50.
Trip to Greece. Photographs by Jerome Hill. New York: E. Weyhe.
Island of Bali, by Miguel Covarrubias. New York: Knopf. Price $5.
The White Stag, by Kate Seredy. New York: Viking. Price $2.
Christmas Carols, illustrated and done into simple verse by Grace Castagnetta and Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Simon and Schuster. Price $2.

ACTIVITY

(*Continued from page 110*)

will conduct Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* on August 15 and a Debussy program on August 28. Artur Rodzinski, the American conductor who has had such a success the last two seasons, will conduct a concert of contemporary music on August



Georges Schreiber, best known for his incisive black-and-white illustrations, is having a show of his water colors at A.C.A. Gallery this month. Included is "Gentlemen of the Jury," reproduced

21. Tickets for the Festival are on sale now. For further information apply to the Austrian State Tourist Department, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A New Beginning for Shankar

AS PREDICTED by Ananda Coomaraswamy in his article on the dancer in the November issue of the Magazine, Uday Shankar is retiring from the field of professional dancing to devote himself to the establishment of an art center in his native India. Part of the activity of the new center (where all the threads of a great culture will be drawn together in the dance) will be the study and preservation of traditional material, comparison of obsolete and existing dance forms, correlation of folk dances from various regions, and the study of costumes and musical forms.

Commenting on Shankar's retirement John Martin says in part: "Regret at his loss from the stage is tempered by ad-

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miration for the magnificent project to which he is henceforth to devote himself. . . . Shankar's plan is, of course, of chief value to India, but it has also an important contribution to make to the rest of the world. This consists not only in the accomplishments of the institution itself, both in research and creative art, but also in the establishment of a new concept of what the education of the artist should be. It will be in effe the first university of the dance in the world, and its succe is vital to the progress of the dance everywhere, if only f the power of its example."

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All contributions to the Federation, and all membership dues (classed as contributions) are deductible from income tax returns within the fifteen percent limit of total income.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

WE ARE told that the new Walt Disney motion picture, *Sno White and the Seven Dwarfs*, definitely deserves to come unde the heading of Art. And we take the word of Katharin Hillyer, a critic who went all the way from Washington t New York to find out. Beautifully colored, *Snow White* wi appeal to the eye as well as the heart.

Louisiana Artists

THROUGH THE enterprise of Mr. Richard Carl Medford, Di rector of the Washington County Museum of Fine Arts Hagerstown, Maryland, an interesting exhibition represent ing the work of nine contemporary Louisiana artists was re cently held at his museum and will be seen in Baltimore an nearby cities during the next few months. The artists whos work is shown are Conrad Albrizio, Don Brown, Dougla Brown, Caroline Durieux, Paul Ninas, Rudolf Staffel, Wi Henry Stevens, Ralph Wickiser and Julius Woeltz.

Friends of Art in Kansas City

AS IS well known, the terms of the bequest of the late Willia Rockhill Nelson to the Kansas City gallery which bears hi name provided for acquisition only of works by artists wh had been dead at least thirty years. An independent society The Friends of Art, was formed to purchase contemporar paintings which from time to time have been presented t

the Gallery. Latest acquisition for presentation to the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery is *The Juggler* by Walt Kuhn, purchased from the Marie Harriman Gallery in New York City.

Barlach and Schmitt-Rottluff at Mills College

MORE NEWS of the versatile Ernst Barlach comes from Mills College, California, where an exhibition of his paintings and prints is being shown along with the work of Karl Schmitt-Rottluff. Dr. Neumeyer describes Barlach as being, besides one of the leading European sculptors, a playwright who illustrates his own books. He sees a continuation of Gothic art in Barlach's work, and feels it may be due to the fact that he lives in Guestrow, a little town famous for its Gothic wood carvings.

Karl Schmitt-Rottluff is known as one of the most earnest and capable of living German artists.

Two Purchases by the Carnegie Institute

THE FINE Arts Committee of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh recently purchased two notable American paintings from the Carnegie International for the permanent collection.



"Breaking Ground" by Conrad Albrizio of Louisiana State University is one of the pictures in the regional show seen first at Hagerstown, this month and next at Harrisburg and Baltimore

The paintings are *Cape Cod Afternoon* by Edward Hopper, winner of the first prize in the 1937 Corcoran Biennial, and *Christina* by Bernard Karfiol, one of his finest recent paintings.

Awards at Worcester

ALEXANDER BROOK won first prize for his oil painting, *Peggy Bacon and Metaphysics*, in the Third Biennial Exhibition of American Painting of Today at the Worcester Museum. Second prize went to Doris Lee for *Noon* and third prize to Andrée Ruellan for *Charleston*, also oil paintings. The Jury consisted of Charles Hovey Pepper of Boston, Chairman; A. Everett Austin, Jr., Director of the Wadsworth Atheneum, and John Lee Clarke, Jr., Director of the Springfield Museum of Art.

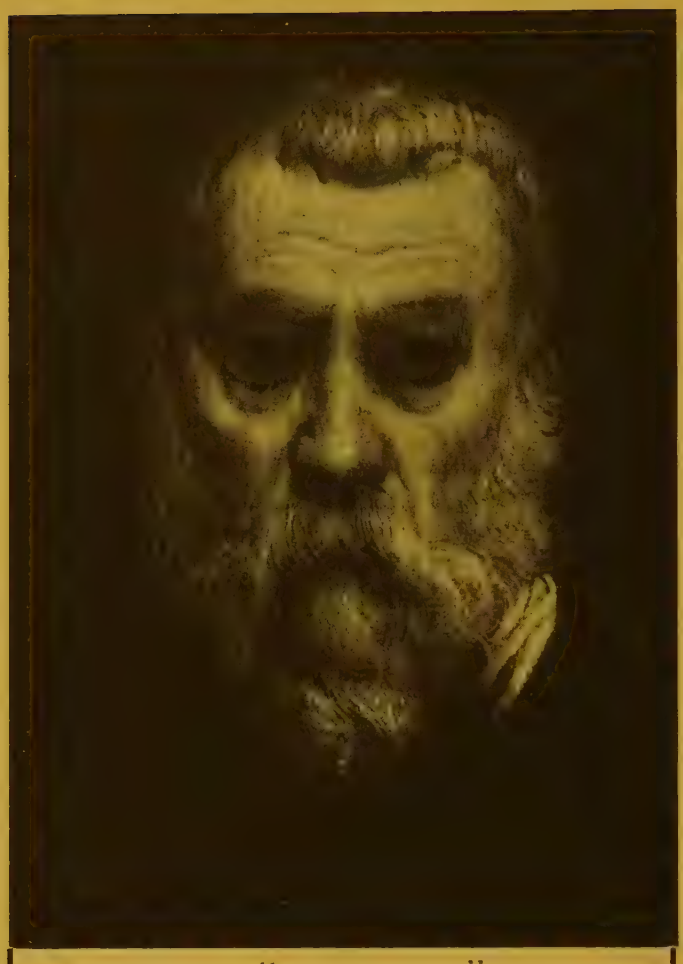
(*Continued on page 116*)

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The Worcester exhibition, which will continue through February 27, represents the work of one hundred and seventeen living American painters, invited by the Museum to participate. Although not confined to New England artists emphasis is laid on work from this region.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO LANCES

David Smith at work on one of his forged steel sculptures. A one man show of his figures, many of them more abstract than this, is running through February 5 at the East River Gallery, New York

Radio Program by the American Art Association—Anderson Galleries

A DEPARTURE for an art auction house is the radio program initiated January 11 by the American Art Association—Anderson Galleries. Every Tuesday night for a period of several months Mr. Karl Freund, international art expert, will give a word picture of the weekly exhibitions and sales at the Galleries with informal comment on the history of art and current developments in the field.

Sculpture of Our Time

THE CLEVELAND Museum of Art followed up its recent Exhibition of Sculpture of Our Time with the purchase of three of the pieces shown. Two are by contemporary German sculptors: *Ragazzo* by Gerhard Marcks and *Singing Man* by Ernst Barlach. The third is a *Torso* in brass by Brancusi.

New Art Magazines

ALREADY THIS season a new art magazine has appeared; before the ink is dry on its third issue another publication in the field is announced. In November Charles Z. Offin's *Pictures on Exhibition* made its first appearance. Late in January *The Art Quarterly*, published by the Detroit Institute of Arts under the editorship of W. R. Valentiner, was due to come from the press.

The former has adapted the popular pocket-size, pioneered by *Readers Digest*, to the needs of its content. As its title indicates the presentation is chiefly pictorial; in the body of the book a page of pictures (frequently a single plate) is faced by brief comment. To date material included has not ventured from the fields of painting, sculpture, prints.

The *Quarterly* is to be issued at a dollar a copy, in winter, spring, summer and autumn numbers. Unlike the diminutive new monthly, it is "addressed to the connoisseur, the collector and the student of art. It will offer a medium for the authoritative discussion of the arts, principally from the point of view of art in America and of American scholarship, but it will also include contributions from European scholars. The first issue will contain illustrated articles by W. R. Valentiner, Edgar



"Ragazzo" by Gerhard Marcks, was purchased by the Cleveland Museum of Art from the Buchholz Gallery, New York, which lent it to the Museum's recent Sculpture of Our Time exhibit. Two other contemporary pieces were also bought from the show

TITLE PAGE AND INDEX The Title Page and Index for Volume 30 of the MAGAZINE OF ART, January through December, 1937, has now been mailed to all Library subscribers, Chapters of the Federation, and others who have requested it. If you want a copy, and are not on the lists mentioned, please write for it without delay. Only 225 are left. There is no charge to any subscriber or Member of the Federation.

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FOR SALE

The question, "are works of art illustrated in the Magazine of Art for sale," is one an increasing number of readers are asking. Yes, many of the pictures or objects illustrated are for sale; and with 1937 as an example, the price range is from $2.75 up.

When you see something you would enjoy possessing, but do not know where it may be purchased, have no hesitancy in writing us for the information you want.

The Galleries advertising in these pages are also glad to answer inquiries, by mail, telephone, or in person, about their artists' works, an exhibit or in their collections. Look to their advertisements as a source of valuable, timely information.

Magazine
of Art
Barr Building
Washington

P. Richardson and Adele C. Weibel of the Institute staff. "Outsiders" whose contributions are scheduled for the *Quarterly*'s first number are Lionello Venturi, Paul Gantz, Max J. Friedlander and Gisela M. A. Richter.

The inaugural issue appears to favor scholarship with a continental background.

Twenty-eight Contemporaries at the Metropolitan

TWENTY-EIGHT PAINTINGS by living American artists were acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art during 1937, a record that other institutions will find hard to beat. Most recent purchases through the Hearn Fund are *Candida* by Renee Andree, *Florida Wildflowers* by Lucille Blanch, *Connecticut Apple Tree* by Bertram Hartman, *Willow Tree* by Morris Kantor, *The Beach, Miami* by Ernest Lawson, *Cat and Snake* by Katherine Schmidt and *Mourning Doves* by Henry Schnakenberg. This last was acquired from the Kraushaar Gallery in exchange for *The Velvet Dress*, by which Mr. Schnakenberg had previously been represented at the Metropolitan. It seems to be a wise choice; *Mourning Doves* is an unusually fine painting.

Hailed as the most important acquisition since Titian's *Venus and the Lute Player* (purchased in 1936) is Rubens' *Venus and Adonis* which was formally presented to the Museum on January 17. The painting, which has been on loan since 1920, is the gift of Mr. Harry Payne Bingham, who inherited it from his uncle, Colonel Oliver H. Payne. The two Venuses hang at opposite ends of the Marquand Gallery, offering an interesting opportunity for study and comparison.

Through the Kress Foundation two Venetian paintings of the fifteenth century have been added to the permanent collection. One is a tryptich in tempera on wood by a little-known painter, Donato Bragadin; the other a small panel by Antonio Vivarini, *Saint Peter Martyr Healing the Leg of a Boy*, part of a series for an altarpiece. Only one other signed work by Bragadin remains today—a figure of the Lion of St. Mark in the Ducal Palace in Venice.

Also added to the Museum's collections was *Portrait of a Lady with a Dog* by Fragonard, purchased in Paris. It is the first Fragonard to be given a permanent place; work by the French artist has heretofore been exhibited but not owned.

A Federal Bureau of Fine Arts

AT THIS writing there is before the House Committee on Education H.R. 9102, a bill to provide a permanent Federal Bureau of Fine Arts. The bill is sponsored by Representative John M. Coffee of Washington. In an earlier form (H.R. 8239) the proposals of the bill won the solid support of several art organizations, among them the Artists Unions of New York and Chicago. It is assumed that the same bloc continues its support of the improved version of the bill now under Congressional discussion.

After an inspirational preamble of some eighty lines the bill proposes to make permanent the cultural projects of the

WPA: *a*) the theatre and its allied arts, *b*) the dance and its allied arts, *c*) music and its allied arts, *d*) literature and its allied arts, *e*) the graphic and plastic arts and their allied arts,) architecture and decoration and their allied arts. "All persons," says the bill, "presently employed upon Federal arts projects of the Works Progress Administration and artists employed on other projects under Works Progress Administration who are competent to carry out the objectives of this Act shall continue in such employment without interruption of time or salary under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Fine Arts. The Bureau shall employ as many more artists as possible in order to carry out the purposes of this Act. . . .

"It shall be the purpose of this Bureau to encourage the development of art in the United States, to perpetuate the cultural traditions of our country, and to give the benefits of cultural enlightenment to all the people." That is a big order, and one much to be desired, in our opinion, by the great majority of thinking Americans. As in all such things, however, a great deal depends on the stature of the administrators involved. If they can withstand the vociferous and emotional pressure of minority groups the bill might, if enacted, produce what most of us really want.

There are a good many aspects of the bill which deserve wide attention. An appropriation of some millions, not specifically given, will be needed. Those who pay taxes naturally should be concerned. Then, too, the machinery is in part created and would be in part controlled by "organizations representing the greatest number of artists employed in each of the arts under the Bureau." Whatever official art this country has had in the past has been in the unofficial grasp of the conservative academies. There is no use in denying that the more openly official art of the proposed Bureau will be of a very different color.

This topic will come in for full, dispassionate and impartial discussion next month. Meanwhile readers and Members of the American Federation of Arts are urged to write to the Clerk of the Committee on Education, U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, for printed copies of the bill (H. R. 9102). After studying it they should make their convictions clearly known to their own Senators and Representatives or to Congressman Coffee.

"*Art Front*" *Temporarily Silent*

WE HEAR that *Art Front*, lively and hard-hitting organ of the Artists Union, has announced a temporary suspension of publication while its finances are being adjusted. This task is part of the general housecleaning necessitated by the Union's long-sought affiliation with the C.I.O. Specifically the Artists Union is being merged with the United Office and Professional Workers of America. Under the conditions of the amalgamation financial operation is to be shouldered by the larger organization.

C.I.O. affiliation promises to improve *Art Front* in content, format and regularity of publication date. Harry Gottlieb,

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the progressive painter, edits the magazine at 430 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Tiepolos in Chicago

SCHEDULED FOR February at the Art Institute of Chicago is a notable loan exhibition of paintings, drawings and prints by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, eighteenth-century Italian master of mural decoration, and his son and follower, Domenico. This we understand to be the first extensive showing of works by Tiepolo in this country, and the most comprehensive collection arranged by any museum. Current enthusiasm for fresco painting should give added interest to the painted sketches for murals which will be included.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan Museum are lending studies for the Royal Palace in Madrid; M. Knoedler and Co., two religious subjects; the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia, is lending *Venus and Vulcan* and the



"Quartet" by Frank di Gioia, one of the bright water colors hung in his show at Marie Harriman's through February 21. Di Gioia is notable for his use of material found in his native Little Italy

Detroit Institute, *Alexander and the Daughters of Darius*, all by the elder Tiepolo. Works by his son, Domenico, will include three of his *Punchinello* pictures loaned from Paris collections and part of his noted series, *The Flight into Egypt.*

Municipal Collection, Cleveland

THE ONLY American municipality to own a collection of art composed solely of work depicting the activities of its citizens is Cleveland, Ohio. Started in 1936 the Municipal Collection of Cleveland Art now numbers about two hundred and fifty pictures—paintings and prints. Nearly a hundred artists are represented of whom a large number are Clevelanders.

The Cleveland Museum of Art, which is not municipally controlled, has been a shining example of what such an institution can do for the cultural life of its community. The city government is to be congratulated on having found a way in which it can further the movement. Mayor Harold H. Burton, shortly after his inauguration, appointed an Advisory



he Tiepolos, father and n, are being honored in joint exhibition at the rt Institute of Chicago ntil March 6. One of the ctures shown, lent by P. ailleux of Paris, is "Les olichinelles Blancs" by ovanni Domenico Tie-lo, the less famous fol-wer of "Giambattista"

Board on Cleveland Art. Cooperating with the Board, H. E. Varga, director of the city's Department of Parks and Public Property, helped to establish the Municipal Collection of Cleveland Art.

Because no funds were available for the purpose contributions were made by fifty-eight artists, each sending one or two of his works. The WPA Federal Art Project allocated twenty-five pictures, and donations from non-artist citizens numbered twenty-two.

No less important than the specialized scope of the collec-

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tion are its purposes. It aims to supplement the work of the museum and the Cleveland School of Art by still further encouraging appreciation of Cleveland art both at home and across the land.

The municipality reaches many more people than the established cultural agencies. It has such facilities as a large civic auditorium, recreation centers, parks and schools. By using this equipment the city government can reach people who, at the present time, would not depart from their daily routine to take advantage of the community's established cultural advantages. In the end the work of the city should bring still greater numbers of better equipped citizens to the doors of libraries, museums and schools.

And besides the purposes which affect the citizens at large there are the possibilities of doing something constructive for the city's artists. According to Leonard R. Semple, of the Department of Parks and Public Property, "In Cleveland, the Municipal Collection of Cleveland Art has broken ground for the establishment of a municipal fine arts commission which would encompass the fields of music, theatre, dance and the fine arts.

"The city is cooperating with the artist and the ideals he works for. The possibilities of expansion and of wholesome growth are, as a result, definitely encouraging."

Modern Museum Building Soon to Rise

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART'S trustees announced recently that final plans for its new building on West Fifty-third Street, New York, have been accepted and that excavation will soon be begun. Philip L. Goodwin and Edward D. Stone Associated have designed the modern building, working closely with the building committee and the Director, Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

AN ARTIST EXAMINES HIS WORLD

(*Continued from page 77*)

the human spirit and imagination. It may be said that no vital struggle for existence fails to provide a dramatically instructive spectacle, but to put the struggling fly into a golden reliquary, and to attribute sublime qualities to it is a mistake. In the great art of this century, as in all great art, we have in some form the fruits of a vital search for ultimate human meanings and coupled with that the element of mimicry that joins man like the beast harmoniously to a physical environment.

Because art is merely human life, and because wherever there are human beings art will be found, there can be no guarantee of a robust, joyous art or people until life itself is made robust, joyous, and secure for all men. Let one artist be born into a situation replete with negations of the human spirit, and there will at once be born an art reflecting within itself the negations of the artist's life, true as all good art is true, but hardly hopeful. It would be sheer blindness and wanton play to hail such art as complete and original. We must be honest with ourselves, and come to the more logical conclusion that the artist's well being is joined to that of all mankind.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF EAST TO WEST IN ART

(*Continued from page 76*)

of looking at a thing will come out in the picture. He does not have to juggle the forms of reality out of their natural shapes and combinations, and by the spirit of contradiction, forcefully assert his small uniqueness in order to impress.

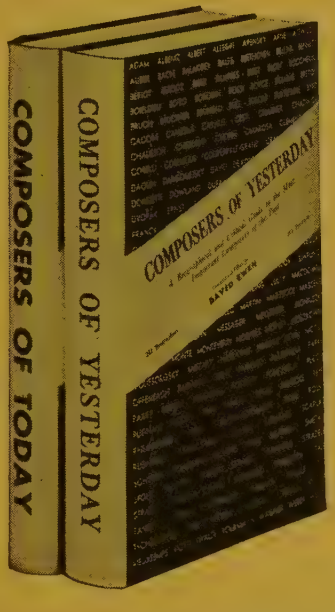
Here we are faced with the central problem of art, the problem of personality in art. The achievement of a special atmosphere is like achieving a special outlook in philosophy, or a special style in writing. The atmosphere, the outlook, the style must come from the personality and must be a natural outgrowth from it. It is not something that can be imposed from the outside by any trickery in technique. Hence, in training the artist, the Chinese always insist on cultivation of a high moral personality. The final test of a great art is, according to the Chinese, does it show a high personality? The technique may be flawless, and yet the personality may be lacking. This is similar to the English notion that a great painting must have "character." When the character is high, the atmosphere is always shown in the work. On the other hand, there is no point in showing your ego and your eccentricity in a painting, unless that ego is worth looking at.

The highest "personality" in Chinese art is always a soul which shows calm, peace and a sense of detachment from life, From these qualities come the peculiar charm of peace and repose in Chinese pictures. This atmosphere ultimately goes back to a philosophic outlook, of one able to look at a hot world with a cool head, with all worldly desires and petty ambitions and hatreds banished from his heart. It is taken for granted that the artist must have such a high moral personality before he can produce real art. A modern critic, Wang Kuowei, has shown how that peculiar detachment and calm of atmosphere may be achieved. He says this of the poet: "In respect of the universe and human life, a poet must both live within it and transcend it. By living within this world, he is able to describe it; and by transcending it, he is able to look at it as a picture. Living within the world gives him a sense of life, and transcending it gives him a sense of high detachment. A poet is always able to take the external world lightly, and hence he can regard the moon and the wind as his slaves; at the same time, he is always able to take the external world seriously, and hence he is able to share with the flowers and grass their joys and sorrows." As a Chinese philosopher is a man who dreams with one eye open, so the Chinese artist or poet is one who lives inside the world, and yet does not quite belong to it. This is the secret of the achievement of atmosphere.

(*Continued on page 124*)

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All in all, I should say therefore that the peculiar contributions of Chinese ideas of art are: an artistic sensibility revealing the universe as quivering with lines and rhythm of the greatest richness and variety, a more sharply trained eye for the varieties of rhythmic beauty, a conception of *k'ungling* or vitally alive quality in composition, with emphasis on space, and an insistence on the cultivation of the artist's moral personality and the achievement of a sense of calm and detachment in the resulting atmosphere. Specifically with respect to modern art, by revealing the wonderful richness of rhythm in nature, it may restore our confidence in our direct, animal sensibility, and substitute the genuine artistic approach for the intellectual, analytical approach, brought about by the scientific age, endangering the modern man's quest for beauty. Concretely, I hope there may be, due to the Chinese influence, fewer straight lines and fewer clever artists in the West.

TOSCANINI'S BIG STICK

(*Continued from page 81*)

this was the first time he realized how his music should really sound. Even early in his career, Toscanini had the capacity to divine the hidden meaning of a musical work to a marked degree. During his first years as a conductor in Italy, he directed a performance of Verdi's *Te Deum*, and in one of the passages he instinctively inserted a slight and subtle retard. After the performance, Verdi came to him breathless, embraced him, and exclaimed: "How could you possibly know to play that passage that way? It is exactly what I had in mind when I wrote it. I did not put that retard in the score because I was afraid too many conductors would draw it out too long and kill the entire effect." Puccini, the composer of *Tosca*, *La Bohême* and *Madame Butterfly* used to say that "Toscanini conducts a work not just as the written score directs, but as the composer had imagined it in his head even though he failed to write it down on paper." Once, after having directed a Puccini opera, Toscanini was told by the composer: "You have composed this opera a second time!"

Toscanini possesses one quality which is unfortunately rare in other conductors, a quality which I do not think has ever been sufficiently stressed. He has a phenomenal capacity to retain his freshness toward a musical work even though he has directed it a hundred times. He approaches a work like Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* with the same enthusiasm, adoration and attention to detail that he would apply to a newly discovered masterpiece. Staleness and stagnancy are altogether impossible to him. He has, moreover, a capacity for work which is almost incredible for a man of his years. Driven by his relentless conscience, he can put in eight consecutive hours of indefatigable rehearsal. He is tireless in his pursuit of perfection; in seeking it he forgets time, himself and his physical exhaustion. There is no phrase in a musical work that is so negligible as not to receive his minute attention. Toscanini has frequently said that in rehearsing a musical work the important passages can frequently take care of themselves; but it is the supposedly unimportant phrase or line that demands the greatest application.

In rehearsal, Toscanini carves each line of music like a sculptor, paying minute respect to every detail of the outline until finally he has molded the entire composition into a work of art. He employs every means in his power to convey his conception of the music to his men. Frequently analysis is not enough. At such times Toscanini mimes, burlesques, acts. He will fall on his knees, clench his hands in prayer, and cry out to his men: "Gentlemen, *please, pianissimo!*" To suggest a burlesque passage, he will clench his fists, blow up his cheeks, and kick his right foot "Like this the music should sound!" A subject in one of the Beethoven symphonies, he told his men, should have the movement of "a mother rocking her baby to sleep," while to suggest to his players the diaphanous quality he was seeking in another Beethoven theme, he whipped his handkerchief from his pocket and dropped it gently in front of him ("The music should fall from the orchestra like this handkerchief"). He bellows and fumes and rages. He pleads and weeps. He groans and snorts. But when his day of work is over, an orchestra has divined the hidden meaning of a musical masterpiece and succeeded in giving it expression.

. . .

TOSCANINI'S CAREER has been one of magnificent milestones. In his early days as a conductor in Italy, his epochal achievement consisted in breaking the musical insularity of Italian music audiences and introducing them to great Russian, French, and German music which was altogether unfamiliar to them. Later, he brought the La Scala Opera House in Milan to an imperial position among the opera houses of the world. He came to America and elevated the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society to a position which for a decade remained unrivalled. In 1930, he was the first foreign conductor invited to direct Wagner's operas at Bayreuth, the great Wagnerian shrine in Germany. By coming to Salzburg each summer since 1933, he has made it the greatest music centre in Europe. Today, his seventieth birthday just behind him, he is still making musical history. He is returning to America to spread his great art through the medium of radio, and to the largest music audience the world has ever known—twenty million people.

Arturo Toscanini needs no legends to glorify him; he is a legend unto himself.

FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

(*Continued from page 128*)

Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. & 5th Ave.: Old New York Valentines; Feb. 11-18.

National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park: Fontainebleau Alumni Ass'n; Feb. 9-25.

Georgette Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Alice Tenney; to Feb. 19. Abstract Paintings & Portrait Photographs by A. E. Gallatin; Feb. 21-March 5.

Perls Galleries, 32 E. 58 St.: Modern French Paintings; Feb. 1-26.

Reinhardt Galleries, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by A. E. Warshawsky; to Feb. 26. Gouaches by Jacques Darcy; Feb. 7-28.

Schaeffer Galleries, 61 E. 57 St.: Old Masters.

(*Continued on page 127*)

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(*Continued from page 124*)

Marie Sterner Gallery, 9 E. 57 St.: Sculpture by Chana Orloff. Paintings by John Barber; to Feb. 12.

Studio Guild, 730 5th Ave.: Paintings by H. Sturtevant, J. B. Morris, J. Blaney; to Feb. 19. Paintings by H. T. Leggett, A. P. Eno; to March 5. Sculpture by Clark Minor.

Tricker Galleries, 19 W. 57 St.: Paintings & Drawings by Daniel Garber; to Feb. 10. Gallery Group; Feb. 12-26.

Uptown Gallery, 249 W. End Ave.: Group Show.

Valentine Gallery, 16 E. 57 St.: Contemporary Mexican Art; Feb. 1-19. Raphael Soyer; Feb. 21-March 12.

Walker Galleries, 108 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Water Colors by Olin Dows; Feb. 21-March 12.

Hudson D. Walker Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.: Oils by Samuel Brecher; Feb. 7-26.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: Landscape Painting in America; to Feb. 27.

Wildenstein & Co., Inc., 19 E. 64 St.: Paintings by Edith C. Blum; Feb. 15-26.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts: 133rd Annual Exhibition in Oil & Sculpture; to March 6.

Pennsylvania Museum of Art: Federal Art Project of Philadelphia; to Feb. 27.

University Museum: Portraits of Indians.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Carnegie Institute: Waldo Peirce Retrospective; to Feb. 27. Paintings by Walter Sickert; Feb. 4-28. Associated Artists of Pittsburgh; Feb. 11-March 13.

University of Pittsburgh: Oil Paintings from Helen C. Frick Collection; to Feb. 28.

PORTLAND, MAINE

L. D. M. Sweat Memorial Art Museum: Selected Prints; to Feb. 10.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Portland Art Association: Karl Hofer; Feb. 14-March 14. Daumier-Gavarni Lithographs; Feb. 16-March 9.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts; Gari Melchers: to Feb. 28.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Memorial Art Gallery: Modern Architecture in England. German Sculpture & Drawing. Painting, Drawing, Jewelry, Ceramics & Sculpture from Skidmore College.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Paul Elder & Co.: Bernyce Polifka; to Feb. 26.

San Francisco Museum of Art: Textiles from Crocker Collection; to March 14.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Museum of New Mexico: Photographs by Laura Gilpin; Feb. 1-15. Water Colors by L. Scheu. Oils & Murals by M. Conley; Feb. 14-28.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo Museum of Art: Contemporary Decorative Arts. Sculpture by A. H. Huntington; Feb. 6-28.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

New Jersey State Museum: Sculpture & Drawings by Malvina Hoffman; to March 6.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Corcoran Gallery of Art: Portraits of Signers of the Declaration of Independence; to March 1. Water Colors by Eugen Weisz; Feb. 7-27. Drawings & Etchings by Peggy Bacon; Water Colors by E. Poe; Feb. 15-March 6. Drawings & Water Colors by Mr. & Mrs. Wayman Adams; to Feb. 13.

Phillips Memorial Gallery: Living American Artists.

Studio House: Paintings & Water Colors by Olin Dows; to Feb. 20.

U. S. National Museum: Prints by Thomas Handforth; to Feb. 27.

Washington Gallery, Museum of Modern Art: American Water Colors; to Feb. 9.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Worcester Art Museum: 3rd Biennial, American Painting of Today; to Feb. 28.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Rocky Mountain Painters; Feb. 18-March 27.

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FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Addison Gallery of American Art: Design in Painting; to Feb. 13. Paintings by Lyonel Feininger; Feb. 19-March 20.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Baltimore Museum of Art: 200 Years of American Painting. American Drawings & Prints; to Feb. 28.

Walters Art Gallery: Little Masterpieces of the Middle Ages; to Feb. 28.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Museum of Fine Arts: Copley Loan Exhibition; to March 15.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum: Examination and Conservation of Works of Art. Child Art of the American Indian; from Feb. 19.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Albright Art Gallery: Western New York Exhibition; through Feb. Buffalo Society of Artists; Feb. 5-28.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Fogg Art Museum: Drawings by Old Masters. Designs for Heraldry by Pierre la Rose; through Feb.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Arts Club: Water Colors by Ryback. Paintings by Tchelitchev & Helion; Feb. 4-18.

Art Institute of Chicago: Paintings & Drawings by G. & D. Tiepolo. Swedish Tercentenary. Paintings & Drawings by N. Remisoff; Feb. 4-March 6.

No Jury Society: 13th Annual Exhibition; Feb. 15-March 15.

Katharine Kuh Gallery: Sculpture & Drawings by Alexander Archipenko; through Feb.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Art Museum: 6th National Ceramic Exhibition; Feb. 3-27. 18th Century French Paintings in Cincinnati Collections; Feb. 10-22. Loan Exhibition of Swedish Prints; Feb. 12-27. Dutch 17th Century Prints; Feb. 12-March 13. 16th International Water Color Exhibition; Feb. 13-March 13.

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Pomona College: Milford Zornes Water Colors; Feb. 12-26.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Cleveland Museum of Art: New Horizons in American Art; Feb. 10-March 13. Print Club Publications; Feb. 9-March 20.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center: Venetian Paintings; to Feb. 12. Drawings of All Periods; Feb. 15-March 15.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts: California Society of Etchers; Feb. 1-26. Russell Cowles. 3 German Painters; Feb. 1-28.

DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Art Institute: Guatemalan Textiles. Moise Kisling Oils. National Snapshot Contest. Leavitt Prints; through Feb.

DENVER, COLORADO

Denver Art Museum: Arthur B. Davies Textiles; Feb. 1-28. Mielziner-Whistler Costume & Stage Design; Feb. 5-26. Magafin-Chavez Paintings; Gouaches by Herndon Davis; to Feb. 15. Paintings by Elisabeth Spalding & Hilda Brandt; Feb. 16-28.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Detroit Institute of Arts: Italian Gothic and Early Renaissance Sculpture; to Feb. 20.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Wadsworth Atheneum: Painters of Still Life; to Feb. 15. Hartford Society of Women Painters; Feb. 5-20.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Museum of Fine Arts: Bronzes & Drawings by 6 Modern Sculptors. International Exhibition of Abstract Painting & Sculpture; to Feb. 11. Water Colors by Will Stevens & Barse Miller; to March 1.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Kansas City Art Institute: Midwestern Artists; Feb. 6-27.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Cleveland Artists. Sculpture by Alexander Archipenko. American Ass'n of Artists Prints.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Foundation of Western Art: California Landscape & Figure Painters.

Los Angeles Museum: Academy of Western Painters. Otis Institute Alumni. Drawings by Local Artists; Feb. 3-27. California Ceramic Show. Daumier-Gavarni Lithographs.

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Currier Gallery of Art: Oils by C. Cochrane & Isabel Cartwright. Water Colors by Emil Bisttram. Wood Turnings by John Prestini. Etchings & Sketches by Alfred Hutty.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

Mills College Art Gallery: Paintings & Prints by Schmitt-Rottluff & Barlach.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Oriental Art. Siamese & Cambodian Sculpture. Costumes of the Near East; through Feb.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Art Museum: Paintings by Ellen Emmet Rand, N. L. Murphy, M. G. Traver & Carl Faille. Etchings by P. Kappel; to Feb. 27.

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

Hackley Art Gallery: Local Artists Annual. Camera Club Annual.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Cooperative Gallery: 5 Younger New Jersey Artists.

Newark Museum: Architectural Exhibition; Feb. 3-27. Collectors' Exhibition; to March 6. American Indian Art; to March 27.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Isaac Delgado Museum: Paintings by John McCrady. Water Colors by A. R. H. Smith. Prints by J. H. Clifford.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 52 W. 8 St.: Paintings by Georges Schreiber; Feb. 6-19. Paintings by Philip Evergood; Feb. 20-March 5.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave.: Loan Exhibition of Early Chinese Art (Benefit of Chinese War Victims); Feb. 2-28.

Argent Gallery, 42 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Ruth G. Mould; Feb. 7-19.

Architectural League, 115 E. 40 St.: Water Colors by Jan Porel; Feb. 7-12. Competition of Alumni, American Academy in Rome; Feb. 12-19; Competition for Post Office Sculpture; Feb. 21-26.

Artists Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Paintings by James Lechay; Feb. 1-14. Sculpture by Saul Baizerman; Feb. 16-March 5.

Boyer Galleries, 69 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Sculpture by American Contemporaries; through Feb.

Buchholz Gallery, 3 W. 46 St.: Recent Paintings by Max Beckmann; through Feb. 10. Bronzes & Drawings by Georg Kolbe; Feb. 12-March 12.

Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57 St.: Pastels by Louis Le Grand; to Feb. 14.

Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57 St.: Midseason Retrospective; Feb. 7-26.

Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56 St.: Weaving & Tapestry, Peri-Umana. Drawings & Water Colors by M. D. Coles; to Feb. 13. Paintings by C. MacGowan, Drawings by T. Pataky, Water Colors by B. Baxter; Feb. 14-27.

Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13 St.: Nicolai Cikovsky; to Feb. 12.

Durand-Ruel, Inc., 12 E. 57 St.: 19th & 20th Century French Paintings; through Feb.

Durlacher Bros., 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings & Drawings by Claude Lorrain; to Feb. 13.

Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57 St.: Printmaking; to Feb. 10.

Ferargil Galleries, 63 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by J. Olaf Olson, Feb. 1-15; Paintings by Ross Braught; Feb. 15-28.

Fifteen Gallery, 37 W. 57 St.: Wood Carvings by G. K. Hamlin; Feb. 1-19. Water Colors by H. B. Tschudy; Feb. 21-March 5.

Findlay Galleries, Inc., 8 E. 57 St.: English & American Paintings; to Feb. 12. Natol Sussanne; Feb. 14-26.

Grand Central Art Galleries, Inc., 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Water Colors by G. L. Nelson; to Feb. 12. American Society of Miniature Painters; to Feb. 19. Paintings by Victor Anderson; Feb. 15-26. *Fifth Ave. Galleries:* American Contemporaries.

Grant Studios, 175 Macdougal St.: N. Y. Society of Women Artists; to Feb. 14. Oils by Brooklyn Society of Modern Artists; Feb. 19-March 7. Water Colors by Z. V. Helder.

Marie Harriman Gallery, 61 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by Frank di Gioia; to Feb. 19.

Frederick Keppel, 71 E. 57 St.: Etchings by Kerr Eby; to Feb. 19.

Kleemann Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.: Bolton Brown Memorial Exhibition; Feb. 1-26.

Julien Levy Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by Leonid Alice Halicka; to Feb. 19. (Studio) Paintings by Florence Cane; Feb. 8-29.

Lilienfeld Galleries, Inc., 21 E. 57 St.: Paintings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt; Feb. 21-March 12.

Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Water Colors by S. Stevens; Feb. 8-21.

Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57 St.: Recent Abstractions in Plaster by J. Ferren; to Feb. 19.

Guy Mayer Gallery, 41 E. 57 St.: Contemporary Prints. Antique Chinese Porcelains & Jade; Feb. 7-26.

Metropolitan Museum, 5th Ave. & 81 St.: Italian Renaissance Prints & Books. Majolica from Schiff Collection; to Feb. 28. Prints: Accessions 1933-37.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Mad. Ave.: Doris Rosenthal; Feb. 7-26.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Colonial Portraits; Feb. 7-28.

Montross Gallery, 785 5th Ave.: Paintings by M. Rosenthal; to Feb. 12. Paintings by H. L. Redman; Feb. 14-26.

Morton Galleries, 130 W. 57 St.: Paintings by Alfrida Storm; to Feb. 12.

Municipal Art Gallery, 3 E. 67 St.: Rudolf Jacobi, Annot & Students; to Feb. 13.

(*Continued on page 124*)

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